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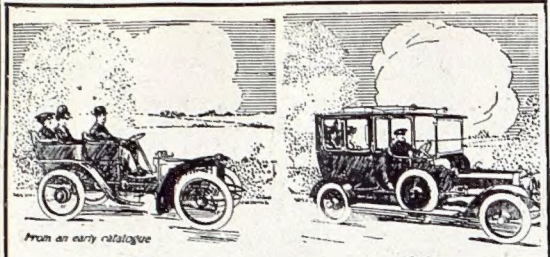

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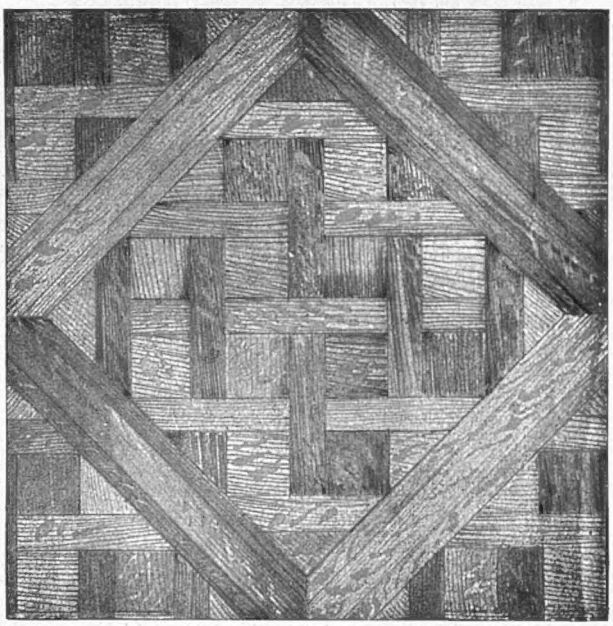

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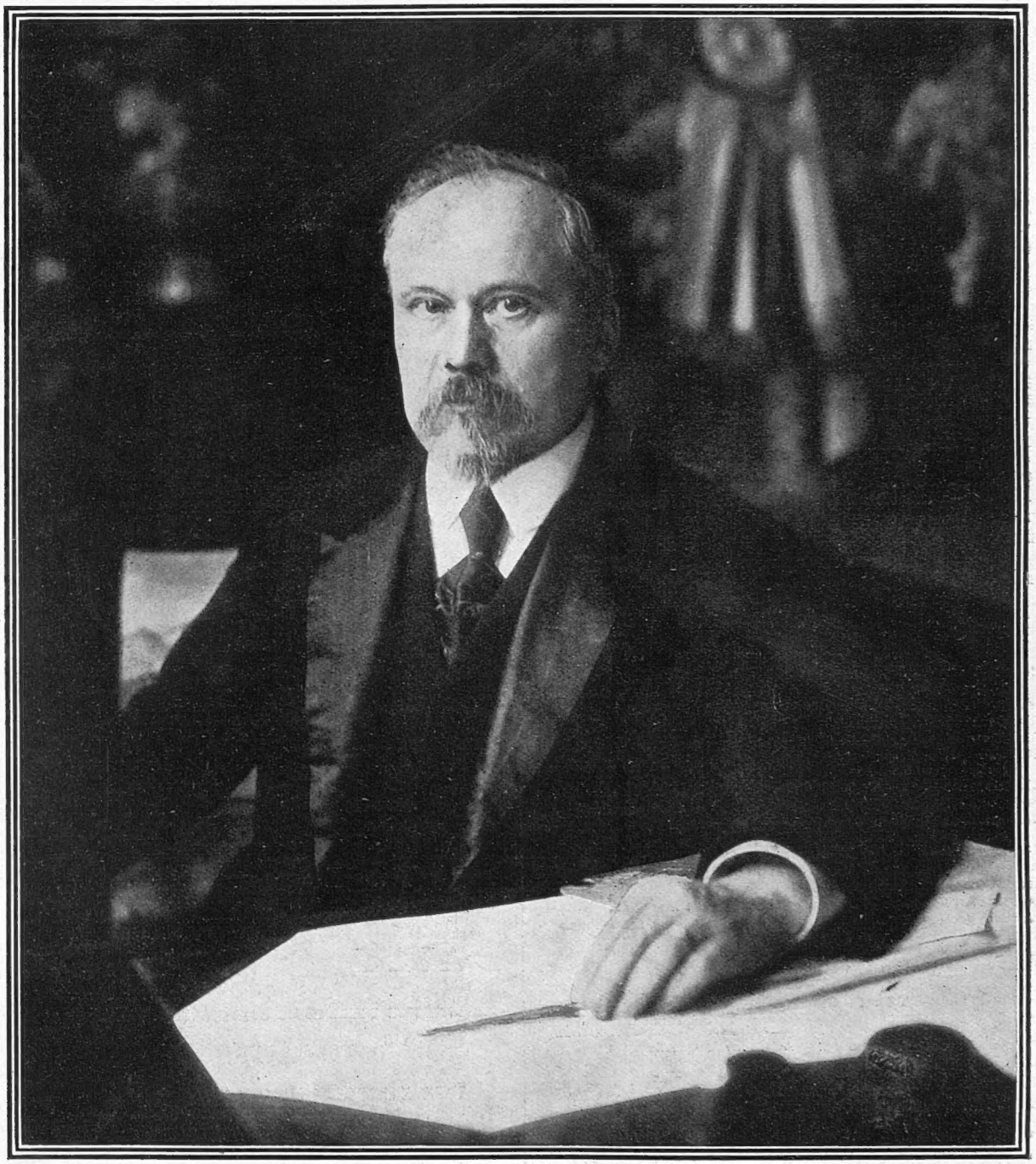

IN THE HOUR OF HIS TRIUMPH

M. Raymond Poincaré, the new French President, photographed on Sunday in his salon at his private residence in the Rue Commandant Marchand. A great many floral tributes were showered upon him at his election by his many admirers, and the bouquet seen immediately behind him was from his confrères in the Cabinet, the Premiership in which he has just resigned

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MY RUSSIAN YEAR. By Rothay Reynolds. (Mills and Boon: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE COURT OF THE GENTILES. By Mrs. S. Wrench. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
THE SHINING DOORS. By G. Ryven. (Griffiths: 6s.)
NAN AND OTHER PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WEST. By Frances Herring. (Griffiths: 3s. 6d. net.)
THE HARVEST MOON. By Justus Forman. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
A COLONY IN MAKING. By Lord Cranworth. (Macmillian: 12s. net.)
RHYMES OF A ROLLING STONE. By R. W. Service. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d. net.)
STEPHEN ORMOND. By F. Dickberry. (Long: 6s.)
A TARTAR'S LOVE. By G. Ystridde-Orshanski. (Long: 6s.)
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

President Poincaré

France provided the world, on Friday, with proof that she is still France. Until that day everybody here had looked on the election of M. Poincaré as a foregone conclusion. The idea that any conclusion was foregone in France was not to be allowed by Frenchmen. Accordingly, instead of Poincaré, the first voting showed a majority for a gentleman of the name of Pams. Then, M. Poincaré was announced to have to fight a duel with M. Clemenceau. At last, after a second contest, he went to the top of the poll with 483 votes out of a total of 848, M. Pams, the runner-up for the Presidency, securing only 296 votes in the second ballot. So hopeful of success was the latter gentleman that he resigned his position of Minister of Agriculture before the election. Congratulations to President Poincaré and to France and the Dual *Entente*.

* *
*

What Take Takes

I am pleased to publish a portrait of M. Take Jonescu, who is about to Take M. Jonescu, and nothing else, back to Rumania. Which is exactly what he and Rumania might have expected. The London Austrophile and anti-Balkan Press profess to believe that Rumania has some sort of moral claim to compensation because she stood still and did nothing while Bulgaria shed blood and treasure against the enemy of Christendom. If the Press believe this itself, I am sure none of its readers do. Still, I suppose axes must be ground, and it doesn't much matter to the modern newspaper what its readers think:

Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to buy and buy.

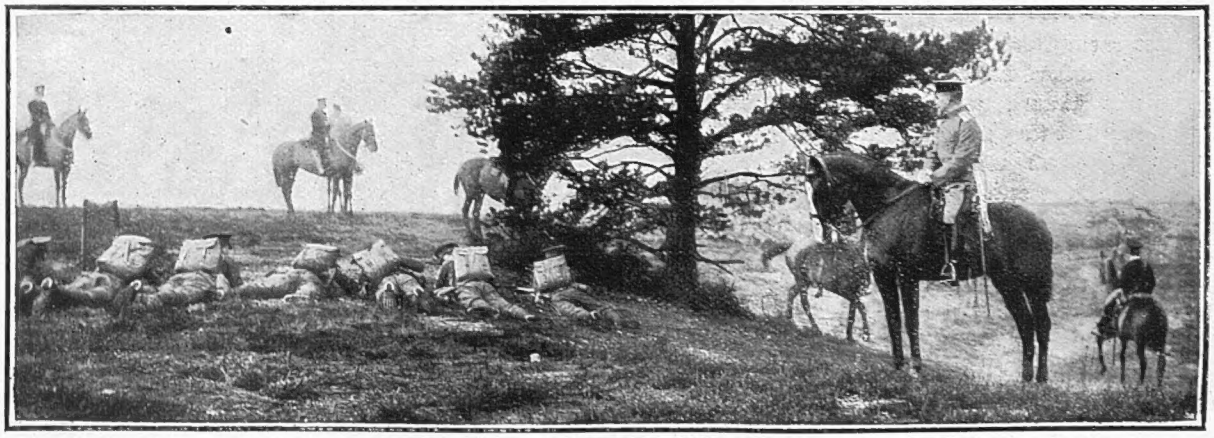
M. AND MME. TAKE JONESCU

Concerning whom some cold and penetrating remarks are to be read in the letterpress adjacent. M. Jonescu is the Rumanian special envoy to London

* *
*

Mr. Balfour

Mr. Balfour (who must return) is an able man, but he cannot perform the supernatural, and produce new arguments against Home Rule. His speech on the third reading was a clear restatement of his own case against the Bill—that it gives too little and too much. It makes Ireland less than a nation, but more than a federal province, and is accordingly dangerous. This much has to be said and said again, even though the Bill pass. Europe owes all her present troubles to indigestion from half-baked national cakes. What the little Balkan States, who were left only half nations by the Treaty of Berlin, have been and are to Mother Europe so Ireland is likely to be to



BALKAN PEACE DELEGATES' VISIT TO ALDERSHOT

It was distinctly an original idea of somebody's to take the Balkan Peace Delegates to watch military operations, even such as were visible, at Aldershot. Such a refreshing change for them

President and President-Breaker

Britannia. Nevertheless, it is best that the Bill should now pass, and the attitude of Unionists should be to prepare to do the right thing to work it smoothly when they come into office.

* *
*

Mr. Law's Letter

When they come into office! Mr. Law's letter has been received by the various newspapers with the usual satisfaction. It keeps the Food Tax Flag flying over the *Pall Mall* office and the No Food Tax one over Carmelite House. Everybody is satisfied, except, as always, the rank and file of the Conservative party, who are less represented than ever in the caucus Press.

PRESIDENT-ELECT POINCARÉ SPEAKING
Seated immediately behind M. Poincaré is M. Delcassé

Let it Pass!

The Home Rule Bill has passed the Commons, and is, it is supposed, to be rejected by the Lords. Were THE BYSTANDER in charge of Unionist tactics, it would urge the Lords to pass it, for the simple if cynical reason that once on the Statute Book the present Government would no longer be *necessary* to Mr. Redmond and his merry men, and he might be quite ready to discuss a new bargain with somebody else. Ungrateful? But since when was there any gratitude in politics?

THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES ON THE ELECTION OF THE NEW PRESIDENT
"Not to have been at Versailles on the day of the election will slay people socially for ever."—*Daily Telegraph*

* *
*

A Cheerless Prospect

It was satisfactory that Mr. Law and Lord Lansdowne kept their places; satisfactory, also, that they appeared to remain where they were on the vexed question. But a party isn't enthusiastic at the prospect of being compelled to face a General Election merely marking time, with nothing more to offer than the promise that they won't do what they want to do until another General Election, but in the meantime that they will do nothing much.

M. CLEMENCEAU (on right) EN ROUTE FOR THE CONGRESS

Despite attempts to outrun him, inspired at the last moment by various intriguers, M. Poincaré came out at the top for the French Presidency. One of the little difficulties to be overcome was M. Clemenceau, with whom the new President was nearly compelled to fight a duel. Happily, honour was satisfied without blood

The Rebellious Prince

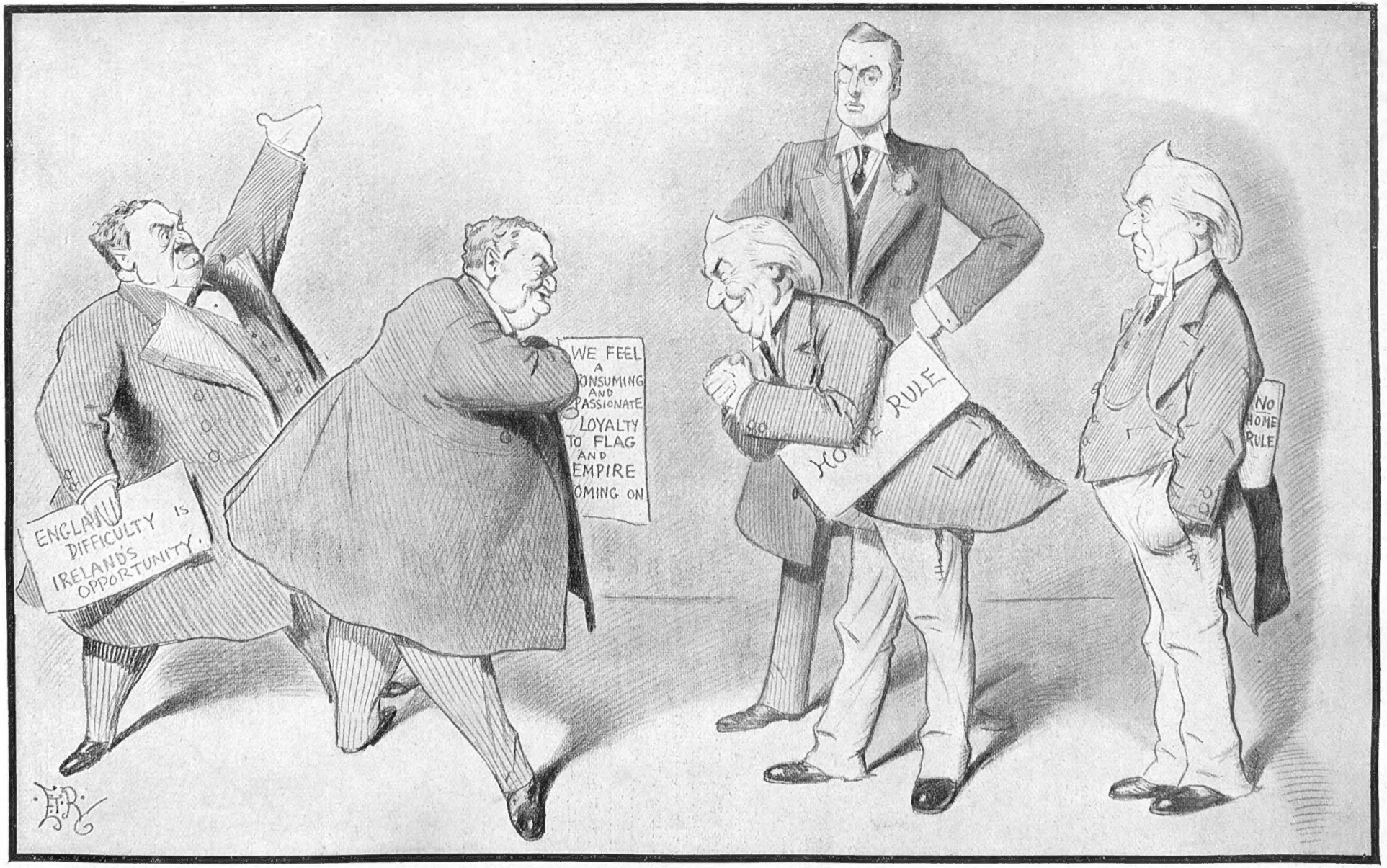
The Prince of Wales wants to "see life," and when he was at York Cottage, I understand, he pressed the King most earnestly to allow him a greater amount of freedom. He desires, for instance, to be allowed to come to London occasionally with his college chums and have an evening "on his own." It seems a modest request—but oh! who would be born Royal?

* *
*

An Elephant, Perhaps!

Next month, one hears, the German Emperor will revisit Jerusalem. Last time, it will be remembered, he rode into the city in state on a milk-white horse. People are wondering what sort of steed he will choose this time.

Turning Their Backs on Themselves: By E. T. Reed



Mr. Redmond, 1900 Mr. Redmond, 1913 Mr. Asquith, 1913 Mr. Asquith, 1900

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (with refreshing rectitude): "I have no intention of turning my back on myself"
OTHER PERSONS: "Haven't you? Well, you'll never get on in politics unless you learn. It's the easiest thing in the world. Look!"

A Coming Cause and a Coming Election

COWLEY v. COWLEY

Our photographs show Lord and Lady Cowley, the latter of whom is attempting to solve the question of her marriage by what are, perhaps, the most satisfactory means available under our divorce laws—to wit, restitution of conjugal rights

An Elocution Lesson

It seems a pity that the Speaker could not give Mrs. Forbes Robertson leave to appear at the Bar of the House of Commons and state the case for Women's Suffrage. The Suffrage may or may not be desirable—that is being discussed in the House this week and next. But an address from one of our handsomest actresses would not only enliven the dulness of debate, it would give a valuable example of elocution. And it would certainly kill any lingering belief that Suffragists are *ex officio* plain and dowdy.

* *
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The Decay of Dress

But, as a matter of fact, if we are to trust the signs of the times, smart dressing will soon be one of the things that are absolutely "not done." For several years more and more easy and *negligé* styles of dress have been stealing upon us. What one's tailor calls "lounge suits" have crept their insidious way later and later on into the Londoner's day, and now numbers of people are even refusing to dress for dinner.

* *
*

"Dittos" in the Stalls

The growth of the movement, or, rather, passive resistance, is shown in an edict by the manager of that distinctly fashionable production, *Twelfth Night*, that people needn't dress in the stalls at the Savoy. The reason being, it is frankly admitted, that they won't. Mr. Barker, a close student of Shakespeare, is content, like Valentine, "to make a virtue of necessity." And, perhaps, a fustian house rather helps to show off the radiant costumes on the stage. But this is becoming a serious matter.

Danger!

I wonder, by the way, what the Bacon Society will be doing after dinner this week? Dinner takes place at the Trocadero, where the members of the Society are meeting under the presidency of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence to celebrate the 352nd anniversary of the birth of Francis Bacon, author of *Twelfth Night* and other plays. And it is such a very easy taxi distance to the Savoy, where quite another name appears on the programme! One can only hope that a nice round game of anagrams has been arranged to keep the members safely occupied.

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Journalistic Wisdom

The true journalist is really a remarkable person, and his ideas on life no less remarkable. We found a striking example of this a few days ago when reading in the "halfpenny Press" the reports of the "Brighton Mystery." We were told that Mr. Trevanion was a man of "sybaritic temperament, who revelled in luxury." For instance, he had "a scarlet sitting-room, in which red was the dominant colour; the walls, the carpet, and the lamp-shades were of red." A further proof of his morbid desire for æsthetic luxury was shown by the fact that "at night the old paintings hanging round the room were seen at their best advantage, owing to cunningly devised electric lights set in the frames!" We wonder what the true journalist would think of most owners of fairly decent houses who happen to have a few valuable old pictures—were he to visit them!

MR. URE AT LONDONDERRY

Londonderry, which is hearing the truth just now about Home Rule, also had a speech from the Lord Advocate last week. What he said we do not know, but have no doubt it was up to the Ure standard of imaginative fertility

The Paget-May Nuptials

Why Not In Parliament?

Seeing *John Bull's Other Island* at the Kingsway the other day I could not help comparing it with the debates on the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons—much to the disadvantage of the latter. True, one cannot expect all our legislators to have the brains of a Bernard Shaw, but it is certain that no speech, not even Mr. Balfour's, showed such a grasp of the question, such political acumen, as does the author of *John Bull*. There was once a rumour that Mr. Shaw intended standing for Parliament. I would readily have sacrificed all his later plays to see him there.

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Eugenics and Musical Comedy

The marriage of Lord Victor Paget and Miss Olive May seems to have been accepted with complete equanimity by everybody. Principally, doubtless, because Miss May is such a very charming person herself, but also because, taking it all in all, alliances between the stage and the peerage have turned out quite a success. That is a curious phenomenon, no doubt, but the whole English musical-comedy stage is a very curious phenomenon indeed. Moreover, from the strictly scientific point of view, the Bystander's approval is unqualified. If only some European Royal families would take the hint!

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Hunt Balls

There is very little private entertaining going on in London at the present moment, but I suppose that is only natural when one thinks of the numbers of people who have already journeyed to the "Sunny South," or to other foreign places, bent on having what they call "a good time." The real truth of it all is that many people are far too restless nowadays to stay at home—hence this continual wandering off to foreign parts in search of other amusements. Indeed, Hunt Balls are now the only gatherings at which we see our social friends. It was very amusing, for instance, last week up in Nottingham, when the "Fancy Dress" Ball got up by Lady Galway, and the Grove Hunt Ball, and the Yeomanry Ball, all took place in the Retford Town Hall during the same week. Everything was very well done, and everyone seemed to be enjoying himself. Lord and Lady Galway had a party staying with them at Serlby Hall, and among the guests were Lady Desborough and her daughter, and Priscilla, Lady Annesley and her daughter. Lord and Lady Fitz-William came on from Wentworth, and also brought a

LORD AND LADY VICTOR PAGET (MISS OLIVE MAY) AS SNAPSHOTTED

LORD AND LADY VICTOR PAGET ACCORDING TO THE PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER

Our photographs show Lord and Lady Victor Paget, who were married last Thursday. As Lady Victor was, of course, Miss Olive May, of the Gaiety Theatre, she will, doubtless, appreciate to the full our insistence in the above reproductions on the difference between Art and Nature

What Everybody Is (or would be) Doing!

LADY SARAH WILSON
On the ice at St. Moritz, wherefrom she has just returned to London

party with them; and Lady Donegall, who was staying at Blythe Hall, came on with Mrs. Willey's party. Dancing was kept up till a late hour, and the whole week may be considered as having been a very great success.

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A Unique Dramatist

It has been said that "George Birmingham," who is, of course, Canon Hannay, has never written a play before, but I believe, as a matter of fact, that he once had a play produced in Dublin. And I am told that as he did not like it he never even went to see it—which, for a dramatist, must be something of a record in self-control.

* * *

Pity the Poor Clergy

The minor clergy are getting one or two hard knocks just now, some of them from their own cloth. Canon Hannay, for instance, has his little say about the Irish Church; the Bishop of Carlisle has been talking of the "incurable indolence" in his pastorate; and Mr. McKenna has declared in the Welsh Church debate that it would be "sentimental" to indemnify Welsh curates. The joke—the best "curate" joke we've heard yet—was that the Government majority at this point fell to forty, all Irish!

* * *

Mr. Beecham's "Star Turn"

Soon the country entertainments will have slacked off and the fascinations of London already begun to hold sway. One of the chief "draws," of course, will be Mr. Thomas Beecham's grand opera season, which starts at Covent Garden next Wednesday, the 29th, with a blare of trumpets. For the opening "show" will be the first performance in England of Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*, which—largely owing to the composer's genius for making contracts—has had such a success in Germany.

MISS MURIEL WILSON AND MR. BASIL WILLIAMS
On the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz. They won the competition for pair skating

Certainly the most energetic thing Society is doing, has done, or is about to do, at the moment, is winter sporting. This year winter has helped sport by being more or less wintry—abroad

Division Bell Dinners

There will be plenty of Russian Ballet, too, and some Wagner—but *not* the *Ring*. That will be a satisfaction to many who are not quite ardent music-lovers enough to face the problem of dinners between the acts. Next time the *Ring* comes on, by the way, the management might do worse than introduce dining-rooms after the style of those in the House of Commons, where the constant divisions are "speeding-up" the Kitchen Committee to outdo the best American "lightning lunch-counters." The practice is already popular in many German theatres.

The Drama Ball

The Drama Ball, which takes place at Princes' on Feb. 3, promises to be one of the most successful functions of the season, and most of the well-known people in the social and theatrical worlds are extending their patronage to same. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Tenterden, Lady Carl Meyer, and Lady Alexander are among those interested, whilst the stage is represented by Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Phyllis Dare, Miss Lydia Kyasht, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Miss Marjory Maude, Miss Eva Moore, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Marie Tempest, Miss Ellen Terry, and Miss Hilda Trevelyan. It is requested that, where possible, costumes representing characters from plays should be worn.

* * *

The Début of the Season

Another big fancy dress dance—the Artists' Costume Ball—has been fixed for next week also, but far more important, and a serious rival even to the Opera, will be (next Monday) the first appearance at the Palace, or any other hall, not only of Sir George Alexander, but of the one and only "Max." Readers

Photograph *Ullyett*
THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE
Who is, we are glad to say, now well enough to be able to enjoy skating at Mürren. She is shown above taking a round with the skating professor, Herr Norum

Our Society Portraiture

THE HON. MRS. CLAUD CHICHESTER: A CRAYON PORTRAIT

Mrs. Chichester takes a keen interest in politics—on the Unionist side. She is proving a valuable helper to her husband, Captain the Hon. Claud Chichester, Lord Templemore's heir, who is standing for Stepney as Municipal Reform Candidate in the L.C.C. March Elections

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Winter Pastimes Indoors and Out

of THE BYSTANDER, being familiar with Mr. Max Beerbohm's most recent caricatures, may feel sure that his one-act play, which is called *The Social Success*, will be devastatingly clever, but there is some slightly uneasy curiosity as to whom he will devastate this time. It is whispered, however, that the original of the central figure is—himself.

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"Max" on the Stage

"Max's" chief connection with the drama so far is as a critic, for he succeeded "G.B.S." on the *Saturday Review*, but threw up the post to devote himself to drawing caricatures and writing books—the delightful "Christmas Garland" is his latest. It is odd how few of the paragraphists and newsmen seem to be aware that the new play is not Max's first dramatic venture, he having produced *The Happy Hypocrite* "in the dark ages," as he puts it, meaning some ten years ago. He married, a couple of years ago, Miss Florence Khan, whose Leonardo-da-Vinci-like beauty made something of a sensation in the leading parts of Ibsen plays in New York.

Photographs *Sport and General*

A BRIEF SPELL OF WINTER SPORT AT BUXTON

(1) A Curling Match. (2) The finish of a run down the toboggan slide

Lord Faber

Under a recent snapshot of Lord Faber, taken at Monte Carlo, he was described as "Proprietor of the *Yorkshire Post*." I am requested to state that Lord Faber is Chairman of the *Yorkshire Post*, which is a limited company.

Photograph] MORE SOCIETY AMATEUR THEATRICALS *[Topical*

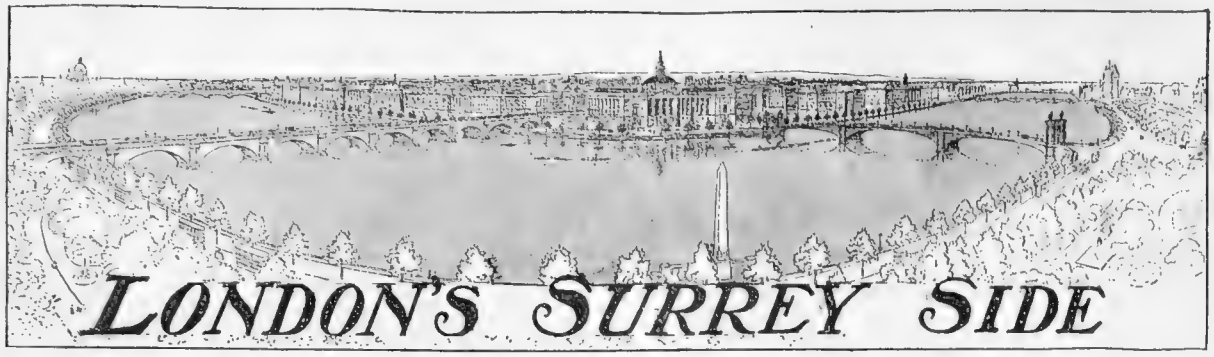
The "Grand Finale" in "Robinson Crusoe," recently produced by Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke at Compton Verney, Warwickshire. The proceeds were devoted to charity

Out With the Rufford

Photograph *Howard Barrett*

LADY VICTORIA CAVENDISH BENTINCK

Photographed at a recent meet of the Rufford Hounds at Farnsfield. Lady Victoria, only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland, who gave a big shooting-party last week, is fonder of sport than of the various indoor functions. The Duke and Duchess have always been friends of Royalty—their present Majesties spent a week at Welbeck in November—and Lady Victoria is a god-daughter of the Queen whose name she recalls



LONDON'S SURREY SIDE

AS ONE HOPES IT MAY ONE DAY LOOK

LORD CURZON'S DREAM, AND "THE BYSTANDER'S" PIOUS HOPE

THE BYSTANDER was hugely delighted to find that one at least of the grave and reverend signiors of the Conservative party has an instinct for something other and more idealistic than the exact platform gag by which the next General Election is to be fought (and lost).

It was, indeed, startling to learn that Earl Curzon has actually his eye not on Ottawa, Sydney, Cape Town, or Buluwayo, but on London, the city in which THE BYSTANDER lives and has a sort of being.

After many years of thinking Imperially, we are again bidden to look beneath our noses, and to realise that whatever else in the Empire may be growing up and developing, its capital city is not. Years pass, and it advances not one step out of the architectural chaos into which Victorianism allowed it to sink.

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

EARL CURZON OF KEDLESTON

Who, in a speech delivered before the London Society, stated that he "dreamed of a new South London." May his dream become a reality!

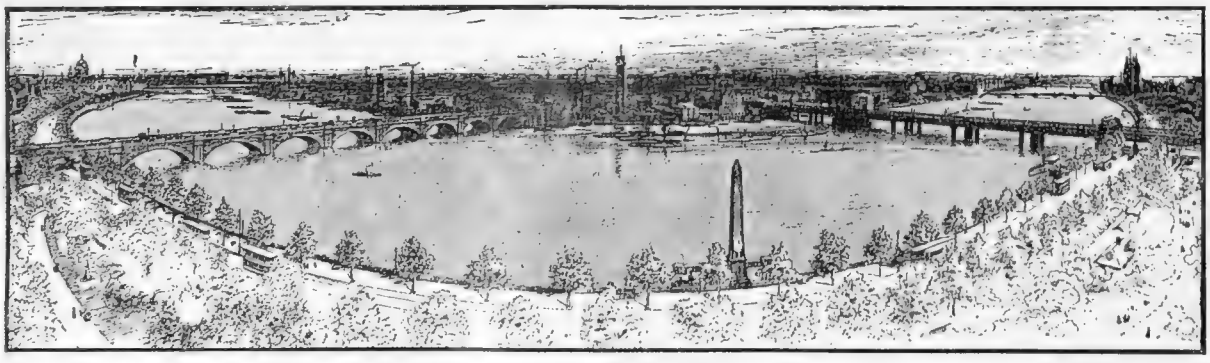
Once or twice we ourselves, who frequent the Embankment, have timidly suggested to the average acquaintance as we walk along it that we hoped, one day, that something would be done for the South side, to receive ever the same reply (more or less):

"What! Do away with those glorious factories, those exquisite wharves, those adorable chimney-stacks, and those beatific barges. Vandal, go to!"

We have sunk into shamed silence. It was our misfortune, not our fault, to be blind to the beauties scheduled, and to believe that if one side of a river has an embankment, fine buildings, gardens, and terraces, so also should the other!

When, however, a man of the culture and the known artistic taste of Earl Curzon of Kedleston gets up and says the same thing, our stature rises. Lord Curzon "dreams of the South of London." He would make a clean sweep of warehouses and wharves, and would have a new city on the South into which one could actually enter with other reason than that one has to catch a train at Waterloo.

Nothing, of course, will be *done*. The wharves and warehouses never will be swept away, and the South side redeemed from slumdom. Nothing short of the intervention of Providence, or his deputy, Kaiser Wilhelm II., is likely to clear away the prejudice and the vested interests that lie between London and a new Surrey side. Nevertheless, it is good that a man of eminence should have dared to speak the word that has long hovered on many a Londoner's lips.



AS IT IS AT PRESENT, AND AS SOME GRIME-LOVING DECADENTS WISH TO KEEP IT

From Sketches by Mr. Raffles Davison, A.R.I.B.A. Reproduced by kind permission of the "DAILY GRAPHIC"

The High Road and the Low Road

A STRIKING VIEW OF THE TOWER BRIDGE AND ITS USELESS "SUPERWAY"

The high-level covered-in footway of the Tower Bridge is one of London's white elephants. It was constructed with the object of enabling foot passengers to continue their journey across the bridge when the drawbridge was raised, the ascent and descent to and from its level being made in lifts. But experience showed that no time was saved by using it. The people who waited for the drawbridge to close "got there" just as soon and with less trouble, and so it was closed to the public after quite a short "run." However, it adds greatly to the imposing appearance of the bridge. Our illustration shows the footbridge on the left of the picture, and on a level with the camera, and the main bridge below

MATTERS MUSICAL

ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON

By Way of Welcome

Everybody is delighted to welcome Mr. Beecham back after his successes in Berlin, even though the report of them may prove to have been somewhat exaggerated, not only by the English, but — *mirabile dictu* — by the German Press. However that may be, it is pleasant to see Mr. Beecham, steadfast to his first pre-operatic love, once more presenting a programme of the works of the younger school of British composers.

A New Development

And mark the importance of his venture! This was not a "special" concert, of the admirable type associated with the name of Mr. Balfour Gardiner, not even a symphony concert, but an ordinary popular concert on Sunday afternoon at the Palladium, far away from the frown of the organ-pipes of the more austere halls devoted to the performance of music. That is to say, English music has begun to take its proper place in the life of the people instead of being carefully preserved for the approbation or the criticism of the more or less cultured amateur. Moreover, the hall was well filled, the audience sometimes enthusiastic, always interested, the orchestra excellent. In short, a concert after the musical Bystander's own heart!

Not Very Popular

Naturally enough, Dr. Vaughan-Williams's "In the Fen Country" and Mr. Delius's "Brigg Fair" were less appreciated than the other items on the programme. Not that these works are not beautiful. On the contrary, I never shall forget hearing Nikisch conduct "Brigg Fair" in Berlin, and how lovely it seemed after the vulgar barbarism of the modern German compositions that preceded it. But Delius is always diffuse, and in "Brigg Fair" he is particularly so. Moreover, the rather unfortunate title leads people to expect something jolly, and they are, not unnaturally, disappointed when they do not get it. Vaughan-Williams's "In the Fen Country" happens to be an especial favourite of my own. Indeed, this grey, unexciting music is, in a sense, too experimental to be popular. It is not yet quite sure of itself. One feels that in his *next* composition the composer is likely to write a masterpiece, but that he has not yet quite "arrived."

FRAÜLEIN LUISE PETZL-PERARD

Who is to sing the part of the amiable—comparatively speaking—Chrysotemis in Dr. Strauss's "Elektra," which Mr. Beecham is again going to perform at Covent Garden

Photographs *Loeb*

FRAU ANNA BAHR-MILDENBURG

Who will repeat the wonderful interpretation of Klytemnestra, by which she amazed and horrified us a few years ago. She is the wife of Hermann Bahr, the well-known Viennese author and critic

Two Successes

Mr. Percy Grainger's "Mock-Morris," on the contrary, was encored, as it always is, and as it certainly deserves to be. A better example of diatonic string-writing, of contrapuntal effectiveness, of rhythmical feeling, has not been produced for many a year. No wonder that Dr. Strauss applauded it so vigorously in Berlin. Delius's amazing Dance-Rhapsody, too, scored a great success. It is a brilliant piece of work, the audacity of whose harmonies would seem to fill the musician with joy, the public with amazement, and the critic with terror! Mr. Beecham conducted it extremely well, making the music far more intelligible than did Sir Henry Wood at one of the Promenade Concerts, with just the right *rubato* and splendid energy.

An Individualist Orchestra

Not a little of the credit, however, he must share with the members of his orchestra, for a more intelligent, competent body of players could hardly be found. Of course, they are not so well drilled, not so perfect a machine as the Queen's Hall Orchestra. But just on that account, perhaps, they are better qualified to do justice to the more imaginative among modern composers. For in the interpretation of many contemporary scores almost every player should be prepared to take upon himself the responsibilities of a soloist.

Why?

To provide the necessary light refreshment for a Sunday audience Miss Victoria Fer, who was by far the most intelligent of the singers at the London Opera House, sang some popular music by Gounod—and sang it extremely well. But it is not clear why a lady, trained according to the best Italian method, imbued with the most delicate French traditions, and clad in a wonderful garment reminiscent of Spain, should attempt to sing, as an encore, the most popular of Scotch ballads. To be funny without being vulgar is, as yet, not a virtue expected of singers at Sunday afternoon concerts.

FRANCIS TOYE

Musical Terms: No. II.

ESTINTO: DYING AWAY, BECOMING FAINT

BY CHAS. HOWARD

London Nights Entertainments

"GENERAL JOHN REGAN" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

IT is so long since we had a really jolly play that I think we ought to give thanks for *General John Regan*. Of late I have been to one or two much-advertised "humorous" entertainments, and as they failed to amuse me, I began to fear that I was losing all the sense of humour that I may ever have had. That is due, perhaps, to my settled conviction that the best kind of humour comes not from a complicated and exaggerated plot of wildly improbable events, but rather from the delightful absurdities that quite ordinary people commit every day of their lives. The scene of this play is laid in Ballymoy, Ireland, and the characters are all Irish for the time being. But in a broader sense they are characters that may be met with everywhere. They are just lovable people with the ordinary weaknesses of human nature, a detail which "George A. Birmingham" (to give the author's name as quoted on the programme) has special opportunities of observing. I believe I do not commit any breach of confidence in explaining that "Mr. Birmingham" is a Protestant clergyman, the Reverend Canon Hannay.

At the Apollo

As in most plays of character, the plot here counts for very little. Indeed, its improbability would be against it from the start if it were not used so ably as a peg on which to hang character-sketches, which are riotously amusing simply because of their relentless truth to life. I am a very serious person myself, and the gentle reader of these notes is probably no less serious; and yet I am confident that if an ordinary day in our lives could be written up by an unprejudiced observer with a sense of humour, it would be a good deal funnier to a third party than either of us could have suspected in his most extravagantly humorous moments. Ballymoy is a village in the West of Ireland, the inhabitants of which are, to say the least, not remarkable for their industry or enterprise. To Ballymoy comes an American tourist, Horace P. Billing, a typical "hustler" from the State of Indiana. Billing is so shocked to remark the dead-and-alive condition of Ballymoy that he springs a little joke on the village at his own expense; and as he generously foots the bill at the finish, no harm is done in the long run. He complains that no statue exists in the village to commemorate the exploits of General John Regan, the deliverer of Bolivia, in spite of the fact that Ballymoy is the favoured spot on earth on which that great hero first saw the light of day.

This complaint is carefully considered by Dr. Lucius O'Grady, who is described on the programme as "a dispensary Doctor." (We are not informed as to whether he is on the "panel" or not.) The Doctor at once sees a chance of attracting tourists to Ballymoy, and he explains to his friends that they must erect a statue to General John Regan without delay. The idea is that it may be possible to induce the Lord-Lieutenant to come from Dublin to unveil the statue and thus give Ballymoy a claim on the Government which it might not otherwise possess. One of the principal members of the committee of management is Timothy Doyle, the proprietor of the local hotel, who is assured that the visit of the Lord-Lieutenant and his suite will at least bring a magnificent business in quick lunches at five shillings a head to the only hotel in Ballymoy. Timothy Doyle at once identifies himself with the movement to honour the memory of the late Bolivian General. As he says in his own emphatic way, if the Lord-Lieutenant could be persuaded to come to Ballymoy and see the

After Scotch—Irish

"General John Regan," the new play at the Apollo Theatre, promises to do for Ireland what "Bunty" has done for the very canny Scot. Mr. Charles Hawtrey has made a very happy choice of a play on the present occasion, and the success of his venture seems to be assured

BY NORMAN MORROW

condition of the people—"through not working"—he might be induced to make a Government grant of five hundred pounds for the building of a new pier. It is true that Ballymoy does not want a new pier—but everybody wants five hundred pounds; and if the good people of Ballymoy can get the money, anyone can build the pier for all they care. The part of Timothy Doyle is played by Mr. Leonard Boyne, who has the initial advantage, as far as this play is concerned, of being an Irishman himself; and when his own humour is added to that of the very able author, the result is as funny as anything you could wish for.

One of the most hilarious moments of the play occurs at the committee meeting in the second act. The parish priest is in the chair, and the fact that the reverend gentleman does not always speak according to the rules of Lindley Murray, is presumably a designed intensification of the character. The chief question at the meeting is one of ethics. If a statue is supplied and there is no one to pay for it privately, how far will Ballymoy be justified in settling the bill out of the expected grant of Government money for the new pier? The debate on this question is quite a model of sophistry. When the question has been settled, and one of the members of the committee doubts the honesty of the proceeding decided on, Mr. Doyle carries the meeting with him by his emphatic pronouncement: "Anyway, honest or not, it's what we're goin' to do!" The curtain fell at this point on the second act, and the applause was so loud and so long that Mr. Doyle and his friends had to appear and reappear so that they might receive the sympathetic congratulations of an enthusiastic audience.

Another most excellent character is Thaddeus Golligher, the very fierce and arrogant editor of the *Connaught Eagle*. The humour of this part is accentuated by the fact that it is represented by Mr. W. G. Fay, who is a gentleman somewhat under the average height. But, then, small men are always the more aggressive. I am a small man myself, and I speak of what I know. The chief weakness of Thaddeus Golligher is that he cannot keep the subject of Home Rule out of his remarks. When he is invited to give his opinion on a suitable spot for the erection of the proposed statue, he bursts into an impassioned oration on the wrongs of Ireland, which, praise the Lord! are all to be cured by the beneficent influence of Home Rule. To judge from his oratory, Home Rule will turn the chronically indolent people of Ballymoy into enterprising and energetic business men, capable positively of doing something for themselves. I am not a politician myself, so that for all I know to the contrary Mr. Golligher may be right. Of one thing, however, he seems convinced, and that is that when Home Rule comes to Ballymoy all the good people there will have money in their pockets. Presumably the Parliament on College Green will be more lenient on the subject of building unnecessary piers than is the Lord-Lieutenant at Dublin "Cassle."

In the third act we see the statue at last erected to the memory of the immortal John Regan. It is true that no one has been able to learn anything of the history of the great General. It is equally true that he never existed. But a nephew of Mr. Doyle has a statue on hand which was never delivered because the money for it was not forthcoming, and this statue is purchased very cheaply, and set up in the market-place. Furthermore, although the Lord-Lieutenant is not to be bluffed, one of his aides-de-camp comes down to protest against the bad form of trying to include his lordship in such a scandalous joke. The aide-de-camp has, among other defects, no ear for music, which is a very great advantage to the proceedings. This fact gives rise to one of the prettiest jokes of the evening. At the last moment no less revolutionary a melody than "The Wearing of the Green" is played by the band, and the Lord-Lieutenant's representative duly uncovers on hearing the first notes, being, apparently, unable to distinguish the strains from those of the National Anthem. I have a rather poor ear for music myself; but I could never hope to ascend to such magnificent heights of ignorance as that.

THE PALLADIUM

Lovers of the old-fashioned nigger minstrel show ought not to miss an afternoon at the Palladium just now. All the time-honoured features are there with all their old intensity. The management have skimmed the cream of the old minstrel companies that had such a tremendous vogue in their day, and the result has been that they are enabled to present a very powerful combination of talent indeed. The entertainment includes the usual laughable sketches so dear to the juveniles, and the company, headed by the veteran "Little Thomas," should prove a great attraction for the holiday season.

JINGLE

The Cult of the Stage "Crook"

AN INCIDENT FROM "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

ANDY DEMPSEY (MR. HERBERT VYVYAN) EXPRESSES TO FANNY JASPER (MISS MADGE FABIAN) HIS DOUBTS OF WALLINGFORD'S MONEY-MAKING SCHEMES

The hero-"crook" is a popular figure in at least three plays running in London at the moment. We have him in "Ready Money," that phenomenal success at the New Theatre, in "Officer 666" at the Globe Theatre, and now our sympathies are asked for Wallingford, an out-an-out shark and leading character in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," the new American play at the Queen's Theatre. It is with indescribable pleasure, however, that we learn that Wallingford reforms under the softening influence of love

A Scheme to Save Clubland

Interior of the building in which it is suggested all the various clubs should house themselves

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF OUR CLUBS?

IT is a question which must seriously exercise the minds of all who are interested in preserving London's great institutions, and who realise the dangers which threaten the very existence of the clubs. A number of them are doing badly and losing members, and the Piccadilly clubs are being fairly driven out by the invasion of hotels and noisy traffic. Who knows how long even Pall Mall and St. James's will survive? We are rapidly coming to the point when some concerted action will have to be taken. The only method by which all the threatened perils can be averted will be for all the clubs to combine and run one great building, to be divided up into flats. The building will be quadrangular in shape, with sound-proof outer walls, and a courtyard in the middle, with carefully guarded entrance. Each club will occupy one of the flats, and the strictest precautions will have to be taken—by means of a system of tunnels and separate lifts—to avoid any danger of a member of the Athenæum, say, being brought into personal contact with a member of the Sports. There will be a certain similarity of premises, of course, but the sense of superiority will be preserved, in the case of the more exclusive clubs, by the higher entrance fees and subscriptions paid by their members. There may be some little difficulty at first with the more confirmed window-gazers, the outlook being limited, but this can easily be obviated by arranging for a lively cinematograph film, far more exciting than the ordinary London street scene, to take the place of the club-window. The reductions of staff, etc., made possible under the scheme will effect a revolution in the way of expenditure, the noise nuisance will be abolished, all club premises will be safe from intrusion or invasion, and, in fact, the whole problem will be solved, once for all, by "Clubland, Consolidated."

The Bystander on the RIVIERA

SEASONABILITIES FROM NICE AND "MONTE"

A Momentous Question

The question everyone is asking is as to whether this is or is not going to be a good season. I say "going to be" advisedly, for, so far, we have, to all intents and purposes, had no season at all. With just a few exceptions—more particularly the smaller establishments—the hotels are half empty, and a very significant sign of the times was the fact that the "sweeps" at the Chatham and the Royal failed to fill this year, whereas in past seasons all the numbers had been sold long before the day of the drawing. The big race, the Grand Prix de Nice, as usual, brought a huge crowd out to the Var, but a great proportion of it was made up of Niçois and their wives, who are great sportsmen—and women—especially when accorded what the journalist calls "facilities." The said facilities, by the way, while they are given by the handful to the shop people of Nice, are by no means showered upon the pressman, who has often no end of bother in obtaining the necessary means of doing his duty. The same remark applies to the Casino, whose management appears to have a supreme contempt for the fourth estate. It is true that the scribbler is not of necessity a valued patron of the baccarat room.

Mr. James Hennessy

Talking of gambling, Mr. James Hennessy is, of course, paying us his annual visit, but he has not been startling us with abnormal "banks." The other evening he cashed a cheque for £1,000 with the intention of offering it for competition, but, after a glance round the Cercle, he deemed retreat the wiser policy. It is no use risking £1,000 when there is no money about—even if you be Mr. James Hennessy. You might easily lose your money, and you would have precious little chance of getting it back. The usual gambling stories have been told about Monte, and one which concerns a very big *ponte* indeed has some truth in it, I believe. He was just leaving the Paris to take the *luxe* for the North after a severe and rather unprofitable struggle with the tables, when he discovered a couple of *billets de mille*, whose existence he had forgotten. Glancing at the Casino clock he saw that he had just time for a stake or two, so off he rushed to the Rooms. He left them an hour afterwards, having lost his train and having won about £5,000!

The "Viatique"

As a matter of fact, it is exceedingly difficult, unless you be the keenest and the most experienced of watchers, to tell what a big punter is winning or losing. I have often tried, and I have invariably made mistakes. Your very big *ponte*, of course, is always

M. RAOUL GUNSBOURG: BY "SEM"

The Director of the Monte Carlo Opera, who positively intends to produce Wagner's "Parsifal," rage Frau Cosima never so furiously. As a matter of fact, it has been said that the copyright of "Parsifal" does not lapse till 1914, though everybody, including Gunsbourg, imagined it to be 1913. So that Frau Wagner's rage may take a very material form

(From a sketch designed by "Sem," on the Riviera, for his forthcoming album, "Sem à la Mer Bleue")

watched by one of the Casino inspectors, and if his *coups* be of the large order each one is recorded. One supposes that the idea of this recording a big player's game is in order that, should he have very severe losses, his *viatique* may be of suitable proportions. Apropos of the *viatique*, I know one man here who has hit upon an ingenious plan. If he loses his little all in the Rooms he promptly applies for the *viatique*. The Casino gives him five hundred francs, with which he promptly runs over to the Sporting Club. Should luck attend him there he pays back his *viatique*, and is once more given admission to the Rooms. Should Fortune be unkind he is, at any rate, no worse off than when he asked for the *viatique*, and he quietly waits for supplies from home. He has taken out his *viatique* three times this season!

PRIOR TO THE RACE FOR THE GRAND PRIX DE NICE

Putting the finishing touches to Ultimatum (Parfrement up), who ran a dead heat with Galafron in the Grand Prix de Nice

How to Make Money

There is another man who has hit upon a somewhat ingenious method of making a living without working for it. He is good to look upon, well dressed, and soft of speech. You can see him daily in the Rooms. His dodge is to watch the big punters, and especially for those in luck. Then as they leave with their winnings he approaches them, wearing a worried look, explains that he has had terribly bad luck at the tables, and is waiting for money, and begs for the loan of a louis to buy lunch or dinner with. He never asks for more than a louis, and that, I suppose, is why his request is almost always granted. In this way he nets on an average five or six louis a day, upon which, I can assure you, you can live exceedingly well at Monte, unless you want to *dine* at the Paris every night and eat asparagus and strawberries in the middle of January.

The Startled Aviator

He is an English aviator, and he is down here "prospecting." The other night he dined, as you can dine, exceedingly well at Ciro's. In fact, he took, as a French friend of mine likes to call it, a *cuitellette*. Strolling with his friend across the Place he suddenly looked up at the sky, and saw a pigeon descending therefrom in a wonderful, if dangerous, *vol plané*. "Great Heavens!" cried the aviator, clutching at his friend's arm. "Look at that. Why the fellow's certain to break his blooming neck!"

PERSONALITIES AT THE NICE RACES

Reading from left to right: Batchelor, Lt.-Col. Sir Theodore Brinckman, Mr. Percy Woodland, Mr. James Hennessy

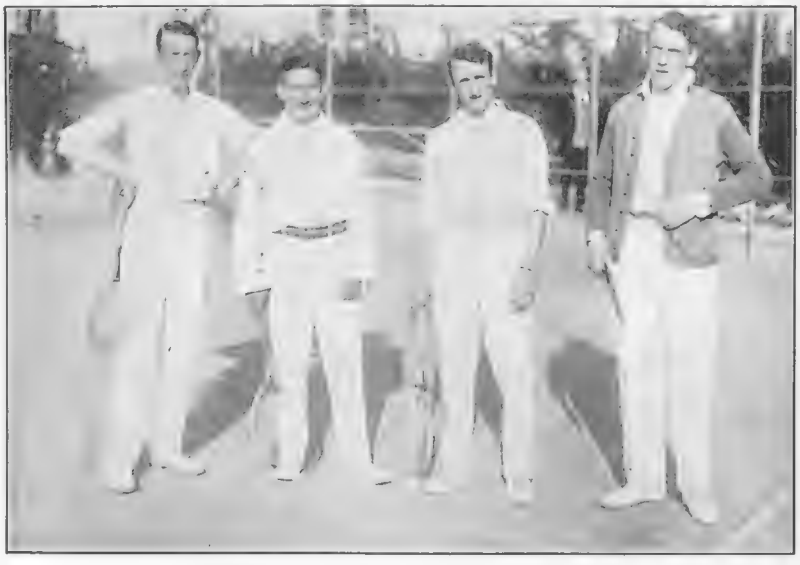
Waking Up

Little Beaulieu, following the example of Menton, has evidently determined no longer to deserve the adjective "sleepy," for it is to burst out shortly into a battle of flowers, a Venetian fête, and a big tennis tournament. Shade of the late Lord Salisbury, who built his villa there because Beaulieu was so essentially quiet! But, then, what with Juan-les-Pins building itself a Casino and Antibes wanting to do the same thing, "quiet places" on the Riviera will soon be difficult of discovery.

R. W. M.

Where to "Stop Off"

By far the best place to "stop off" on one's way to the Sunny South is Marseilles, for, without boasting the wonderful advantages of the actual Riviera, it acts as the best of halfway houses in that its climate is a cross between that of the North and the South, thus helping to acclimatise the visitor to the Azure Coast. Marseilles, moreover, is by no means a town to be despised. It is beautiful, it is full of interest, and it boasts modern hotels, notably the Regina, wherein one can rest from travel fatigue in perfect comfort.



AFTER A GOOD MATCH AT MONTE

Messrs. Cazalet, Simond, Hope Crisp, and A. Wallis Myers respectively, posing for "The Bystander" photographer

A Little Sunshine Girl

PLAYING A THINKING PART ON THE SICILIAN STRAND

Photograph] *[Gloeden*

Child of the sun that shines so clear,
What do you dream of, basking here?
Fairies and elves, and a magic mere?
Or—
WHAT?
Some Coppers? All right. Here!

ALL THE FUN

THE PLEASURES OF THE PACE IN THREE THRILLS—

CYCLE TOBOGGANING

If these machines are not known as icycles they ought to be

SKI-KJÖRING

"Anglicé" ski-running in tow of a horse

Photographs]

TROTTING

On the Swiss equivalent of Alexandra Park

There is apparently no end to the number of ways in which the frost may be made to minister to the needs of the pleasure-seeker. Some of the variations upon what may be termed the ordinary Winter Sports, such as Curling, Ski-ing, Skating, Sleighing, and Tobogganing, are illustrated above. One of the latest forms of toboggan, for instance,

OF THE FROST

—AND TWO STUDIES IN VEHICULAR NOVELTY

DILIGENT LADY SKI-ERS "EN DILIGENCE"

The adaptability of the vehicle for the conveyance of ski, if accidental, is noteworthy

A BOB "DREADNOUGHT" AND HER CREW [*Brocherel*

A bobsleigh cleverly fitted up to look like a battleship

is made and steered like a bicycle, and that noble animal, the horse, is pressed into the service of the "speed-merchant" in divers ways. We look forward with some confidence to the evolution of the glacio-aeroplane, which will ascend the runs as rapidly as the toboggan descends them

The Bystander in PARIS

THE ADORATION OF SAINT TABAC

Creatures of Habit

We are creatures of habit, as the lady said on her first morning in the Row. You can usually tell the length of residence of an Englishman in France by the tobacco he smokes. If he has lived here a short time he will go through all kinds of devices to secure English tobacco to smoke in his pipe on the French side of the Channel. When he has lived here a good many years he will go through similar gymnastics to get French tobacco to smoke in his pipe on your side of the Channel. I don't often tell the truth, but I know this is true, because I have been both these kinds of Englishman myself. I used to laugh at Frenchmen who said that Playcat Coarse Cut burned their tongue, or dried their throat, or smoked hot or wet or tasted of drugs. Then one day I smoked a pipe of *caporal* because I hadn't any other kind of tobacco to smoke, and I came to the conclusion that life was going to be an endless hiccup for me evermore.

How It Happened—

It happened in the country. I was a couple of hundred miles away from Paris and out of reach of any town of any reasonable size, so that it was French tobacco or nothing. It was nothing for a day or two. Then I began to feel as though I could cut my own hair small and smoke that rather than face the craving (this is not an advertising pun) in the open mouth of my poor pipe. I patted my chest, I said, "Faint hearts never, never shall be slaves," and things like that. I went into the nearest tobacco shop, and there I bought—well, I suppose I had better tell the truth—my courage failed me as I put my fivepence on the counter, and I bought two twenty-five centimes postage stamps, and had to write a long article which I didn't want to write so as to use them up. By the evening I was desperate. I went back to the tobacco shop, bought a fivepenny package of *caporal*, made my will, and *caporal* is the only stuff I have ever smoked in a pipe since.

—And a Moral

Ethically I don't believe it's much nicer than brown-paper shavings, but actually I like it, and the other day in London, when somebody gave me a pipeful of something very special, which cost goodness knows what a pound, my pipe went out, and I did likewise, emptied it, filled

"..... a lady of the country smoking in Montmartre"

up with *caporal*, and lived again. So that, you see, international antipathies must always end in smoke. I believe there is a moral in this somewhere, for the Turks and the Bulgarians, and the Rumanians and the Austrians, and the Russians. Possibly one of these days we may be friends with Germany too. But I do remember that the wonderful German cigars which I took home with me from Frankfort after a year there when I was seventeen did not taste very good on British shores.

The Cigarettes of Ces Dames

I remember dainty little English noses on pretty little English faces becoming quite *retroussés* in Paris, or, rather, in Montmartre, when their owners saw the ladies of the country smoking. Now, when a Frenchwoman sees a woman refuse the man's cigarette, take her own out of her own case, smoke it and light another at the stub, she says, "*Ça, c'est une anglaise.*" It usually is, too, and the difference in their way of smoking is really an essay on the vital differences between young Madame Durand and young Mrs. Bull. When Englishwomen began smoking it was ever so pretty. The Englishwoman who smoked in public did it with a dainty air of doing something naughty. Frenchwomen smoke their cigarettes now, after years of practice, with a naughty air of doing something dainty, and it's charming.

What a Pity

An Englishwoman not only smokes because she likes to smoke (and nowadays, of course, no woman smokes out of bravado, because all women may smoke without loss of caste), but she looks as though that was the only reason. Don't you think it's a pity? The matter-of-fact air takes away the charm of it so. And let me tell you—(the atmosphere in this room's very thick, and, therefore, there's philosophy in it)—let me tell you that there's a moral in this too. I don't suppose Christabel will ever forgive me for putting it on paper, but the fact is that when the Englishwoman has come to take her vote as much as a matter of course as she has learned to smoke her cigarette, there won't be any charm in that. *Voilà!*

On Politics and News

I met two journalists the other evening. All of us have our crosses. One of them was in his shirt-sleeves with two different sizes of lead pencil tucked behind his ears, and he was hard at work with a litter of newspapers and things earning his twopence a year. The other man was in evening dress and an excellent temper. He had been dining out, earning a sumptuous salary. Nonsense? Not a bit of it. This is the twentieth century, and nowadays the men who do the real work and earn the big salaries are the men who are always at leisure.

Actresses As Dress Models

WELL-KNOWN PARISIENNES AS AIDS TO THE MODISTE

MLLE. MONNA DELZA
In clinging white, enframed with dark fur

MLLE. MONNA DELZA
Displays the all-in-one gown of clever draperies, relieved by touches of fur

Photographs
MLLE. LIFRAND (of the Comédie Française)
In a novel form of house or rest gown, effected in broché crêpe for the sacque, worn with a skirt of charmeuse

Gerschel
MLLE. GILDA DARTHY
Throwing up the magnificence of a sumptuous sable manteau against a background of sparkling white

One of the many things that are done better in Paris than in London is the display of dress (for advertising purposes) upon the living model. A very complete system is there in vogue by which the leading actresses show on the stage the latest creations. The advantages of seeing the costumes worn by persons for whom they have been actually built, instead of merely upon stuffed models or mannequins, are, of course, obvious

The journalist who wants to get real news must go to people for it, not to newspapers.

Learning Things

And that reminds me of a conversation or two which I have been having with the Minister of one of those little Powers which are looming so largely in the public eye just now. *The* way to get news nowadays is to go out to luncheon and meet the news-givers. This man mentioned casually that last time he had met a leading Parisian actress (it was Suzanne Desprès, if I remember rightly) he had decorated her with the Order of the Racing Turtle (of course, that isn't the real Order, but I want to be discreet) because she had been on tour in his capital. He then went on to talk politics as politics are really talked, which is a very different thing from politics as they are written in a leading article. In less than a quarter of an hour he had given me a deeper insight into the real string-pulling which has built up Europe than months of hard reading could give me. I learned, among other things, that a King talks to his Minister very much as the editor talks to me. I learned that when the Government of one country wants a bit of another country, its Ministers take it or ask for it very much in the same way as you took or borrowed that umbrella of mine which has not been returned again.

Another Moral

And I came to the conclusion that very much the same morality existed in both cases, and that if leader-writers went out to luncheon more often and studied the written word a little less there would not be so much newspaper talk about rights and wrongs and a more general understanding of the fact that a country, like a mere man, does not get what it ought to have, but gets what it can or what it is strong enough to take. The moral of that is that if newspaper writers did not work quite so hard and went out to luncheon more, there would, providing that they used their opportunities, be much less poppycock in the daily newspapers. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

THE DOMESTIC LIFE

Comparisons

Hohenzollerns owe their strength to their domesticity; to their successful materialisation of the Family Idea. This banal remark is inspired in the Berlin Bystander by the birth of an infant to August Wilhelm, Wilhelm II.'s fourth son, after four years of matrimony. The Berlin Bystander has been comparing Germany, Austria, and Russia in parallel lines with Hohenzollerns, Habsburgs, and Romanoffs; and he concludes that the conditions of the three countries are very admirably imaged in the manners of their three reigning families.

The Ideal Royal Family

The Hohenzollerns are the ideal Royal family in their choice of wives, in their choice of children. Look at the way they wed. The Hohenzollern Prince always chooses a wife of irreproachable Princessly rank, who has not been engaged before—not to mention divorced before—and he usually has a big family, with a proper excess of males. The Hohenzollern does not fall waywardly in love outside his rank. He remembers that he is a German Prince, with dynastic, political, and other curbs upon his personal whims; and he never acts like the frivolous, impassioned Habsburgs, who forget the existence of Austria the moment they see a pretty face. Or even an ugly one.

RICHEPIN À BERLIN

In view of the ever-present friction between France and Germany, it is cheering to note that "Jean Richepin," the famous French poet, has been received in Berlin with great honour. It is the poet's first visit to the German capital, whither he journeyed to deliver a lecture on "The History of Napoleon" at the High School

Demoralised Romanoffs

And the Romanoffs. Look at miserable Nicholas II.'s insoluble perplexity to find an heir to replace his stricken son! His brother Michael, next heir by law, disqualified because he has just married twice-divorced Madame Mamontoff; his senior cousin, Boris, who, indeed, is not married, but . . . And Cyril, third rightful heir, who took a harem train to Manchuria, and came back and respectably married a divorcée. And fourth heir, Andrei, who tours Europe at the skirt-tails of a parchment-faced elderly ballet-dancer. Not until he has passed over the four nearest members of his family can Nicholas find even a moderately presentable heir. Contrast this with the lot of Wilhelm II., who has six fine sons, any one of whom would make a good Kaiser, all of whom have been, or will be, married respectably, innocently and young, to respectable, innocent, and young Princesses. What a difference from the frivolous, impassioned Habsburgs, and the wholly reprobate, demoralised Romanoffs!

A Great Event

The Berlin Bystander stands for domesticity, and male children — the more the merrier; and he is pleased to see the Hohenzollerns justifying his high cult. To see them justifying it to the extent of making the birth of August Wilhelm's son a great event. The Kaiserin sits up two nights with her daughter-in-law

A New Danger for England—

THAT WOMEN WILL TAKE A PRACTICAL PART IN HER CONQUEST—

PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE AS A DEATH'S HEAD HUSSAR AND CROWN PRINCESS CECILIE AS A DRAGOON
Will it be thus attired—as part of an invading army—that London will next welcome their Imperial Highnesses?

(though the daughter-in-law, as all Hohenzollerns, does mighty well); Wilhelm II. beams and pours in bouquets; and all the other Princes and Princesses forget the *Parforcejagd*, and beam and smile at the great news—the highly appropriate Christmas news—that a child is born into the world. And for days the main conversation of tedious Berlin is: has it blue eyes or brown? Did you hear about its wonderful birthmark? Did August Wilhelm really say he would teach it to swim when it was six months old?

A Preachy Mood

The Berlin Bystander—as a result of New Year's meditations—is in a preachy mood; and he commends the plain domestic way of the Hohenzollerns. It is a good thing for Germany to have a dynasty which weds, begets, and bears unromantically; which whacks its infants and teaches them trades, discipline, and order, and snuffs out mercilessly any spark of the Habsburg-Romanoff idea that man is free to follow his untameable velleities and wayward desires. The domestic Hohenzollern way is best for the dynasty, and best for the nation. And if the Habsburg-Romanoff way is the more interesting . . .

—AND ALSO CHILDREN

The Crown Prince Prince Wilhelm
THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE TAKES HIS CHILDREN OUT WITH HIM ONCE AGAIN ON PARADE
Is not this carrying Teuton domesticity a little too far?

The Crucifix by the Sea

This striking photograph was taken at Concarneau, a picturesque hamlet on the coast of Brittany. Concarneau is one of the many fishing villages which have been badly hit by the recent closing down of 116 sardine factories, the result of continuous industrial strife

The Master Craftsman

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON

WHEN Eugene Massy looked down at the exceedingly dead body of Crosland Wade and realised that he had committed the indiscretion of murder, he could not help congratulating Providence upon having had the unusual forethought of having made him what he was, the writer of detective stories and the creator of Snuffles Bore, "the greatest criminal expert the world or the readers of the *Stumpy Story Magazine* had ever seen."

Jenny Wade, who was mainly concerned with the fact that, possibly, she would be hanged by the neck until dead, and who saw no reason to congratulate Providence at the moment upon the production of Massy, asked in a strained voice:

"Oh, Eugene, is he dead? Have you killed him? What are you going to do?"

Massy, who had been feeling about where the dead man's heart would never have been, stood up and answered in a tense whisper begot of the fact that it was two o'clock in the morning and that he had an altruistic desire not to wake the servants.

"Yes, he's quite dead. What we are going to do is to behave quite sensibly and get ourselves out of rather a rotten mess. Fortunately, I am one of the few men who *could* get us out of this mess."

Jenny, who possessed the air of an injured dove when not at meals, now possessed the air of a frightened duck.

"Are you?" she asked. "How——?" And, "Am I in this mess? I didn't hit him. *You* did that, you know."

Massy answered her with dignity, but refused to argue. It seemed to him scarcely polite to urge once again upon her his unexampled position in English 4½*d.* literature over the murdered corpse of a husband. It was not the sort of thing that a well-bred person usually does.

"Naturally you're in the mess," he told her. "You may not have struck the blow, and I confess, since you saw me do it, I did, and you may not have had any intention of killing the man as I had no intention, though he is your husband. But all the same he is killed, and that's the thing that counts in the newspapers and the law courts, and we were the reason of his killing, which was untimely, I, actually, since I hit him, you as an accessory, since it was the mere fact of his discovering me, portmanteau in hand, in his own drawing-room in the act of eloping with you that caused him to get so very angry, and to come at me with vim, if without any great knowledge of the niceties of in-fighting and the Johnson jolt. He shouldn't have died really, but his execrable taste for angled mid-Victorian cabinets and the weakness of his skull brought its own punishment. As for getting us out of this scrape, you forget who I am. Crime, murder, and things like that are second nature to me."

"Have you committed murder before, then?"

"Dozens of times, but always in print. In fact, if you look back over my last year's work you will recollect that I have committed seventeen murders, every one different, and each more complicated than the last."

Jenny wrung her hands.

"If we stand here talking about your work we'll never end, and presently someone will come down and discover it all, and we'll be hanged in the most disgraceful way. Let us *do* something, for heaven's sake! Let us hide the body."

"It's quite impossible to hide a dead husband," said Massy. "And, besides, it would be so atrociously inartistic that the police would guess something was wrong at once. No, we'll do something better. That was why I reminded you of my work, of who I am, and what I had done. It seems to have conveyed nothing to you. But it is just as well to remember that I am about the best possible man you could have chosen for such an occasion."

"Because I am eloping with you," said Jenny tartly, "you needn't talk of me as a potential Mormon. It's unkind. Especially as I have just become a widow."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. What I meant was that if anyone could get you out of this scrape, I'm the man. My detective tales have made me an absolute expert in these things. I know exactly what is to be done, and how it is to be done. You must leave it to me."

He stood still for a minute and thought.

"One thing we can't get over is the murder. The man's murdered, and that's got to remain a fact. What we've got to do is to arrange things so that people won't think we have done the thing."

Jenny interrupted impatiently.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"The best way to do that," she said, "is for me to go upstairs to bed and you to go home as quietly as you can. Then no one will suspect. It's dead of night, nobody has heard us, nobody has seen us. Nobody knows that Crosland has come down here or found us here. Nobody knows anything has happened. The servants will simply come down in the morning, and seeing him lying there will think he is drunk. When they find he is dead they will think that he fell down while drunk and cracked his skull on the sharp edge of the sideboard as he fell; and servants always put down the eccentric actions of people with more money than themselves to drink."

"Yes," answered Massy, "that's quite good, and one of these days I'll use it in a story, but it doesn't quite fit things. In the first place, your husband (I don't feel up to calling him by his Christian name just now)—your husband has in his hand a life-preserver which we won't be able to take away. In the second place, he has a rather savage bruise under his chin where I hit him. Thirdly, even the most accommodating of drunken men don't fall against furniture with a force sufficient to crack skulls. No, when the servants see him, life-preserver and all, they'll understand that he heard voices and that he came down ready armed to meet the owners of those voices—with the result that one of the owners of the voices attacked and slew him. All the female servants will scream, and all the male servants will want to use the telephone and get in first with a tale of murder—we can't prevent that. It's an absolute certainty. Well, what we've got to do is to utilise that."

"I don't for the life of me see——"

"You leave it to me. This is my *métier*. I've handled this sort of thing too often to make any mistakes. I just can't make any mistakes. I know the ropes too well. One has simply to use one's highly trained wits and the matter is done, as, I can assure you, only I can do it."

"Well, please do it quickly," cried Jenny. "I'm in a horrible state of nerves. And every moment that we waste here makes me worse. I can feel about four hundred eyes spying on me."

Even Eugene Massy looked round nervously at that. Callous as his livelihood of murdering had made him, the real thing was a little trying. He answered rather quickly.

"You mustn't make me nervous, too. Remember, I've got a lot to do, and I've got to think of everything. In the first place, as I said, we've got to utilise the fact that everybody who comes into contact with—this—will at once think it murder. The next thing we've got to consider is what sort of murder it is. What is the reason of the murder."

"Good heavens!" wailed Jenny, "you're talking exactly like one of your own stories."

"Yes," he said, "that's exactly the way we've got to work it out. As though we were detectives unravelling a plot. And, just like the story-writer, we've *got to give the detectives the plot to unravel*."

"Eh!" cried Jenny.

"Ah, you begin to see. Well, we've got to give them all the clues possible that lead them to think it is murder and done by murderers who are not ourselves, for some purpose that is not ours. And the first thing to think of here, then, is what would be the sort of murder motive that would leap into the minds of the servants and police at once."

"I don't know," said Jenny slowly. "I should think of the real reason at once."

"*They* would think of burglary," said Massy.

"Why, yes," cried Jenny, "they would. We're always afraid of burglars. We've got some valuable silver, and Crosland always feared for that. He always felt sure we'd be burgled some day, though he wouldn't get alarums because we are fully insured."

"Very well, then," continued the writer. "We've got to foster that thought. We've got to make them think of burglary, and to do that we've got to give them clues that lead to a supposition of burglary."

"How *can* we give them clues," said Jenny, "we're not burglars?"

"You can't give them," said Massy. "I can. This is where my unexampled gifts come in. It will enable me to give them such clues as they never had in their life. In the first place, we've got to steal things."

"Yes," said Jenny. "What things?"

"Silver things. We'll start with those beakers on the sideboard." Jenny made a movement to the sideboard. "No, no, Jenny, don't touch them with your hands. Put on your gloves."

"Oh, I shan't dirty them," sneered Jenny.

"You'll *finger* them," snapped Massy, "and though you've never heard of Bertillon, it's a very sure road to the hangman." Whilst e was speaking he had picked up his own gloves from where they lay on the pile of portmanteau, umbrella, and hat, and put them on. He began to take down the valuables, watching Jenny carefully as he worked.

"No, don't take those wedding presents," he admonished, "every burglar worth his salt knows the exact electro value of wedding presents."

Massy did good work himself. He collected meltable trifles with the sure instinct of one who had been writing criminal fiction for years. He whipped the cover off the table, and piled the loot into it. To add a touch of reality he bent a large salver in two. "Burglars always do that," he explained to Jenny; "it makes it easier to carry and makes no difference in the melting-pot."

When they had collected a fair haul he tied up three corners of the cloth and left the other loose. "That will be a sure sign that the desperadoes were surprised in the middle of their work. Even the youngest policeman will see that at once, and the sergeant, after the due hesitation of his superior rank, will agree. Now for other clues. The time clue."

He went over to the clock, a small one, stood upon the escritoire that had been a humble but efficient instrument in the assassination of Crosland Wade. It made the time clue, explained the writer, peculiarly easy.

"You see it now points stolidly to twenty minutes past twelve. All we have to do is to turn the hands, as I do now, to sixteen minutes past five—and stop it. Then we tumble it on the floor beside the body, those hunting for clues will assume at once that the murder happened then. At sixteen minutes past five."

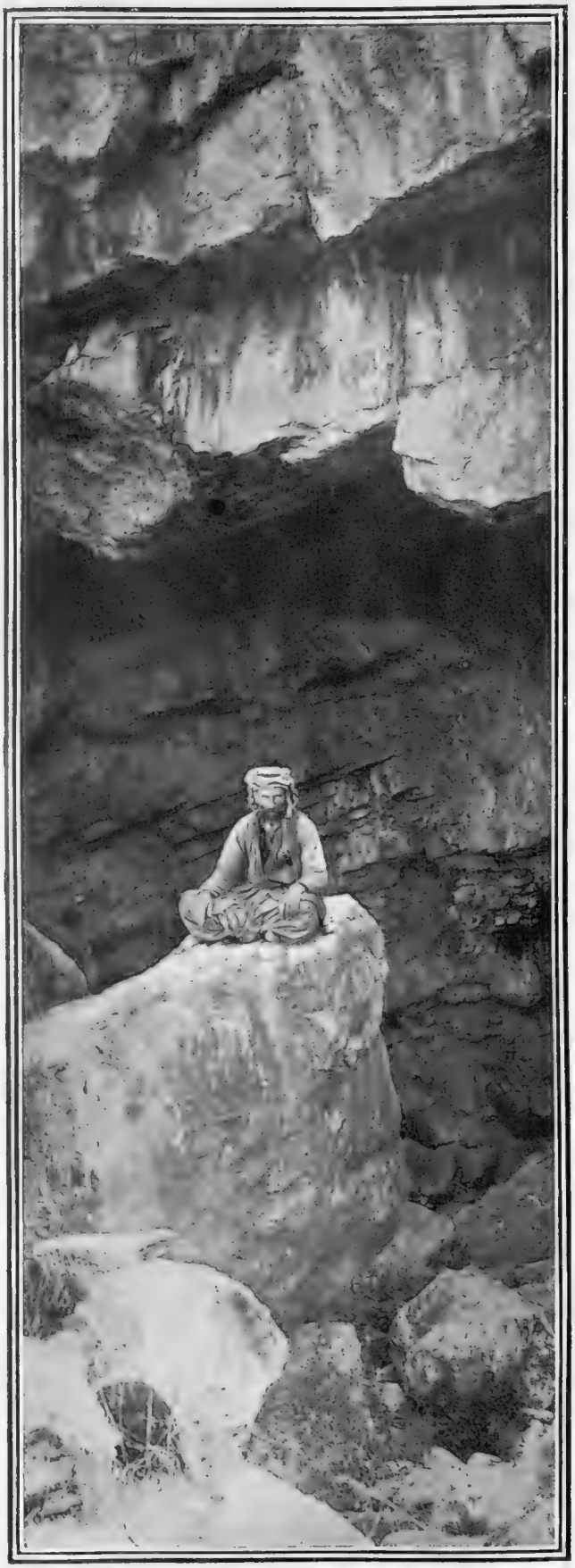
"Why should they assume all that?"

"For the plain reason that when the police see it they will argue that as—er—your late husband fell his head struck the escritoire, knocking the clock, which is a small one, on to the floor. The force of the fall, naturally, stopping the clock at once, and thus the time is given away. To make the thing look perfect we'd better knock that vase—no, don't disturb the

(Continued on page 200)

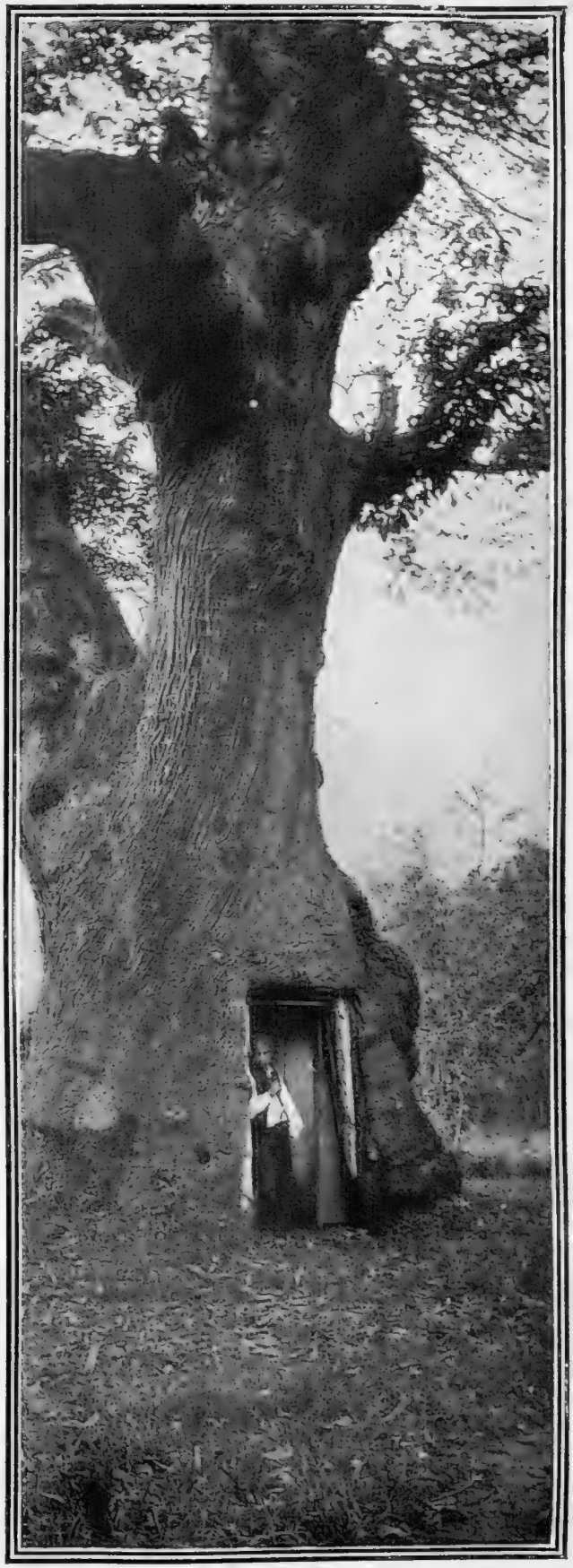
Celebrities at Home

THE QUEER ABODES OF STILL QUEERER MEMBERS OF SOCIETY



THE "WISE MAN" WHO LIVES IN A GROTTO

The Sage of Banias and his home. Banias is a small village some 45 miles south-west of Damascus, and is celebrated for its castle, which occupies a platform 300ft. by 1,200ft.



THE HERMIT OF THE CHESTNUT TREE

Señor João Valente standing before his remarkable house in a chestnut tree. This photograph was taken at Campanario, Madeira

(Continued from page 198)

flowers in it; the shock of the fall wouldn't *pull* them out of it."

"But why this trouble about the [illegible]

"Another clue, and al[illegible] time?"

It we left the clock g[illegible] a rather certain alibi. [illegible] done at a[illegible] [illegible]going the murder might have been [illegible] any time—at twenty minutes past twelve, for instance; and, if it came to the point, we couldn't give a satisfactory account of what we were doing at twenty minutes past twelve. But if the murder was done for a cert at sixteen minutes past five it's a different matter. I can prove to the world that I was in bed at ten minutes past five, simply because I've got a valet at home who has a habit of waiting up for me (as he will, no doubt, be doing to-night, though I told him I might not be back) until one o'clock, whether I come or whether I don't. When we have finished what we have got to finish I shall go back home (it's the only thing to do now), and my valet will probably help me go to bed, so he will be able to swear that I was in bed before 5.10 a.m., and a little thing like that is eminently useful to a man anxious to escape from hanging. Now for the other clues."

Massy had gone towards the window as he spoke. It was a large French window, and opened on to the garden in the house's rear. There was a little veranda outside, and beyond the veranda was a flower-bed, in which transpotted plants endeavoured to look as though they were in their natural element. On the other side of this bed was a hard gravel path.

"Oh, this is very excellent," said Massy as he examined the window and its environments. "The window is secured by the simplest catch that a mere penknife would open. We will open the window and leave it open—since a burglar escaping this way would scarcely be able to shut it—and we will make a few scratches on the woodwork and the brass of the catch with a penknife to lend an air of verisimilitude. Then I will walk about a little on the flower-bed."

"No—no," whispered Jenny, suddenly terrified. "That would give the game away at once. They would tell at once that the footprints were yours."

"Yes, they would—if the footprints were mine. They won't be mine. You really must leave these things to me, Jenny. You forget I am a master at this sort of thing. *I* don't make mistakes. The footprints won't be mine. I'm going to take the unfortunate corpse's slippers. They are carpet slippers, and rather too big for anybody, and your husband's feet were so large. I put them on over my boots, as you see, and walk rather 'flittery' so that, though there are a number of marks and several blooms broken, there are practically no marks that would give a boot away. There would be no marks at all upon the hard gravel of the path, so that's all right, and as the earth of the flower-bed is dry there will be no marks on the shoes, and we can put them back without their showing anything suspicious."

Massy suited his actions to his conversation, and so the details were completed almost as soon as he had finished speaking. Though he had an afterthought, and taking a small solid silver vase threw it well out into the garden towards the tradesmen's entrance, through which the police would certainly think the burglar had entered. "For," he said, "one can quite well imagine that a burglar would stuff that vase into his pocket, and then, while escaping, remembering that if so damning a piece of evidence was found upon him it would be all up, flinging it away—in any case, it is rather a neat touch to finish."

"Is it finished?" moaned Jenny.

"Yes, quite, and now we are safe. A master-hand like myself doesn't make mistakes, and you may be certain that I have overlooked nothing, and, therefore—we are quite safe. All you have to do now is to go to bed. All I have to do now is to go home and complete my alibi by bullying my valet for staying up until nearly one when I told him not to. I shall go out by the tradesmen's entrance so that no one will see me. I can easily jump the flower-bed. Good-night, Jenny, and keep a strong heart and trust me. It will be all right. These things are second nature to me, and you can rely upon my thoroughness. To-morrow morning the world will have discovered that your husband was killed by burglars, whom he surprised in the midst of their crime. For six weeks the police will be following up clues; and in six months everyone will have forgotten, and we can be married. You may consider yourself very fortunate that all this happened to me." He smiled briskly, and, jumping the flower-bed quickly and undisturbed made his way home.

He bullied his valet tactfully, and thus impressed the hour of his return vividly upon his mind, and in a little while was in bed, and a little later, since even one's first actual murder has its thrills, even for a fiction-writer, he was asleep. When he awoke it was seven o'clock in the morning, an unusual hour, and Massy was a little disturbed. He put it down to inborn excitement and conscience, and felt that it would be a bother if, with his income and reputation, he was to suffer from that sort of thing. He lay awake wondering when the news would be out—not before the early morning edition of the evening papers, he felt sure—and whether Jenny would be so tactless as to send for him at once. He was wondering what paper would get it first when he became aware that what had awakened him was not an unknown quantity like a conscience, but something tangible; Negis, his valet, was talking to someone in the flat passage. Massy made an exclamation of anger.

"Jenny *has* sent for me, how thoughtless," he assumed. And just at the moment Negis came into the flat.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he began, when immediately after, and without knocking, in came a rather large policeman. Massy opened his mouth to protest, but the policeman came forward and stopped him at once. "I warn you that everything you say will be taken in evidence against you," he exclaimed. "I arrest you, Eugene Massy, for the murder of Mr. Crosland Wade last night."

Massy simply gasped in amazement. It was all so absurd. He had left the police no ghost of a chance to go astray, yet——

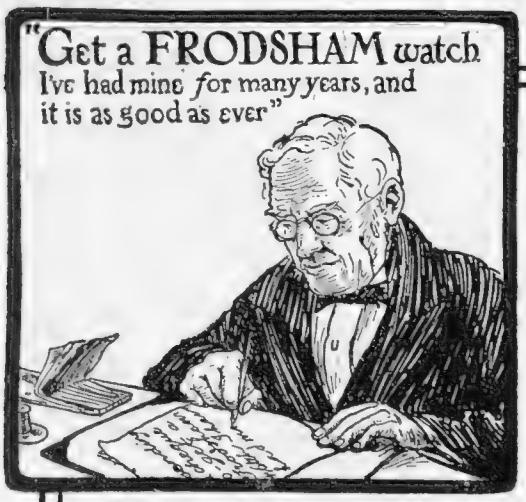
"My dear man," he burst, "what on earth are you talking about? I murder Mr. Wade, why I've not been near the place——"

"Oh, yes, you have," said the officer, quite calmly, and he motioned the valet to produce clothes. "We know you did it. You arranged a nice, cleverish, too, little false scent, oh, a nobby little false scent, only in the excitement of the moment you forgot something. *You forgot your portmanteau and umbrella, and we found them—first thing this morning.*" W. DOUGLAS NEWTON

NOTHING DOING!

BINKS: "Good job for me they're not all Lancias"

[The 30 h.p. Lancia is the despair of the wayside repairer. It is rarely if ever in dock during its long life except as a result of accident. It is one of the quietest, speediest, most durable, high-class automobiles on the road. Particularly powerful on hills. Chassis replete with every accessory and refinement. Only the body left to provide—to meet individual requirements. 26, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W.]



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ELLIMAN'S

EMBROCATION

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

Novel or Tract?

Miss Elizabeth Robins's new book, *Where Are You Going To . . .?* (Heinemann: 6*s.*), will doubtless come in for not a little discussion. In the first place, Miss Robins has a considerable reputation as a thoughtful writer, and, in the second place, her book concerns itself with the White Slave Traffic, about which we have been hearing so much. Book and legislation arrive almost at the same moment. For Miss Robins's sake, one regrets that the book did not appear first. It might have been quoted in the House of Commons.

A Disappointment

Yet as a novel *Where Are You Going To . . .?* fails. The book is issued as a six-shilling novel, and must, therefore, I suppose, be criticised as such. Applying the ordinary standards of criticism, it seems to me that neither the cleverness of the characterisation nor the poignant horror of the three concluding chapters gives to it more than the merest semblance of literary finish. There is, too, such a small sense of proportion. You have the great majority of the book given up to the description of the quiet, backwatery lives of two sisters, who live in a country house with their poverty-stricken and invalided mother. They have their little romances, their tiny quarrels. They make their own friends. The household, indeed, is admirably described. And then, on a sudden, you have the most appalling tragedy. The sisters go up to London. They are to be met by an aunt. Instead they are met by one of those harpies who deserve to be burnt alive. They are taken to a "hell" such as is to be found in every great city in the world.

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS

The author of "Where Are You Going To .... ?" (Heinemann: 6s.), which is reviewed on this page

What We Are Coming To . . .

The elder sister escapes, the younger does not. You are left to guess at her fate: the police are so powerless. Yes, these things do happen: one is recorded in my paper this morning, and I dare swear there is not an iota of exaggeration in Miss Robins's harrowing chapters, but——you can do things in life which you must not do in novels. (I believe the contrary occasionally holds good.) In this book there is something wrong. With the exception of its initial paragraph, and a chapter which describes the visit of a dressmaker who is to dress them for London, nothing prepares you for the ghastly *dénouement*. Everybody will be thrilled by those three awful chapters at the end; but will not everybody also say: Why all this long introduction? Why this introduction more than any other? Is it not as though Miss Robins had suddenly decided to change her original plan? In life, I daresay, the horror may come in this way, and be all the more horrible for being unexpected, but in a work of art there must be more cohesion than Miss Robins apparently thinks necessary.

Superfluous Characters

And surely a shorter, less complicated account of the two girls, without the half-dozen or more superfluous characters, would have made a much finer and more artistic introduction? The simple truth is that *Where Are You Going To . . .?* is a tract. Good, but why disguise it as a novel? Because the public has a horror of tracts? Very possibly it has. You must take your chance about that. On the other hand, the utmost skill is necessary to turn a tract into a good novel. At least there must be some humour; here there is none. And is not this a tendency to-day with women-writers? Apparently they have so much to teach us that they have no time for anything else. Certainly the feminist movement has had a very bad effect upon the work of some of our women-writers. The extremist, I find, inevitably loses her sense of humour. She really mustn't write novels until she has found it.

A Good First Novel

The publishers of *The Friendly Enemy* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.*) inform the reviewer that in its author, Mr. T. P. Cameron Wilson, they think they have alighted upon "a discovery." That is a charming position for Mr. Wilson to find himself in, all the more so as I imagine that quite a number of people will agree with the publishers' estimate of his work. *The Friendly Enemy* is full of surprising things; sometimes it is strangely reminiscent of other men's work;

sometimes, too, it is rather uncouth; but it is undeniably interesting, and never does exactly what you expect it to do. There is no "strong" story which I can dissect out for the casual reader's benefit, but he must take it that here is an engaging book.

Three Youngsters

Mr. Wilson's hero, or, rather, one of his heroes, for nearly everybody in the book is a hero, and that adds to its charm, is called Bill. His father has been to prison more than once, and when the story begins there is every chance of his going there again. When the book closes, the chance is rather less. Bill lives in one of the least savoury quarters of London, where bathrooms, if they exist, which is not often the case, are invariably used as larders or wardrobes, or—more commonly—as both. Some nice, kind people send Bill away to the sea, but the call of his native London is louder than the call of the sea, and Bill returns, and is so lucky as to meet Mr. Dixon in the train. (Mr. Dixon is a wealthy and quixotic person, who rescues people of all sorts and sizes in trains and elsewhere; he buys cottages on the telephone, and has no regard for the conventions.) And it is in London that Bill cries for the moon, without, I need hardly say, knowing that he is doing anything of the kind. He makes friends, and works in a match factory, and undergoes the usual love-affair which young gentlemen of his class think requisite, and finally, with Mr. Dixon's assistance, settles down in the country. It doesn't sound a particularly interesting career, but, as told by Mr. Wilson, it is. Bill's friends are almost as delightful as himself, and in Clement Anstruther Goodwin, Mr. Wilson has succeeded in inventing the most unpleasant boy in modern fiction. The account of the rescue of Mary by the surprising Mr. Dixon is, perhaps, the best thing in a book which may be looked at more than once. I heartily recommend *The Friendly Enemy*, and look forward to its successor.

The Poet's Corner

In one of the narrow streets of Theobalds Road, which is where those roofless trams dive down into the earth, there was opened the other day the Poetry Bookshop. Such an unusual enterprise naturally deserves mention in any Literary Log, for the Poetry Bookshop is not merely an emporium for selling verse over a counter: it provides board and lodgings for poets, and it is to have a journal, *Poetry and Drama*, of its own. It is the kind of shop you might expect to find in a short story by H. G. Wells—a story with miracles and magic, a shop which had mysteriously inserted itself in between the greengrocer and the butcher, hitherto the closest of neighbours. It is an altogether romantic place, which should be visited even by those who never read a line of poetry in their lives, for the Poetry Bookshop is like nothing else in the world.

Its Originator

The originator of this enterprise is Mr. Harold Monro, himself a good poet and the editor, during 1912, of the *Poetry Review*. What will happen I know not, but the establishment of such a shop, when every publisher (except one) is grumbling that there is not a penny to be made out of verse, is of more than usual interest. Is it possible that there is to be a *real* revival in the art? Mr. Monro seems to think so. He is courageous. I hope he is right, and wish him good luck.

RALPH STRAUS

PAINFUL SCENE IN OUR VILLAGE

The new district visitor takes her first walk out on the day of the expected arrival of the Suffragettes

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Where New Homes are Worth Making

A New Fruit Valley in British Columbia

Ten thousand feet below the snow-clad peaks of the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirk Mountains, Lake Windermere collects the waters of innumerable creeks that foam down twenty miles or more from the fields of ice above.

Under the two-fold shelter of ranges so immense, the Valley of the Upper Columbia lay like a sleeping beauty, almost unnoticed by the travellers who hurried past in the transcontinental train to Vancouver, or east-bound over the Rockies. But miners and sportsmen, and a few adventurous settlers found their way to the lake from Golden or Fort Steele.

Soil and Climate

Had this Upper Columbia Valley no other claim to recognition than its beauty, it might have remained unknown for many a day to come in a country of such abundant charm as British Columbia. But the settlers proved that the soil was fertile, that it grew wonderful potatoes and juicy apples, that their horses were healthy, and that they themselves enjoyed an equable climate, with balmy summers and winters comparatively mild.

Sport and Mines

Land that can be cultivated is more scarce in British Columbia than on the prairies, and this particular land happened to be near such a variety of other interests that its attractions for British settlers were readily recognised. Up those creeks is sporting country without rival in British Columbia—full of mountain goat, and bear, and deer—while down towards Fort Steele is the Kootenay River, the finest river for fish on the Pacific.

Water and the Railway

The fruit-grower and the farmer in British Columbia believe in irrigation, so an immense irrigation system was planned out for the land on the slopes surrounding the lake. Twenty square miles are comprised in the first chain of ditches, and when these are settled another fifty square miles will be added. The irrigation ditches on the first division of land at Wilmer have been in operation since last July, and have proved a satisfactory source of supply of the necessary water. As to means of communication, in addition to the branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, now being built through the Valley, the sympathy of the Dominion and Provincial Governments has been enlisted, and an automobile road is being built through a pass over the Rockies from Calgary and Banff. This will bring a large number of tourists to the Windermere district every summer, and add a great impetus to the development of the Valley.

Polo Ponies

The Valley is well suited for horses, and to encourage breeding a polo-ground and racecourse have been laid out near the new town of Invermere, at the north end of the lake. Captain R. Grant Thorold has been a successful breeder, importing stallions from Australia for that purpose. A race meeting was held at Invermere last September, over five hundred spectators being present.

Moderate Prices

Following the example and acting on the advice of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is co-operating to the extent of building the branch line into the Valley, the Company interested in the irrigation scheme at Lake Windermere is offering land for settlement at very moderate prices. Owing to the comparative scarcity of orchard land in British Columbia and the high yields from land that has been properly irrigated, the prices in many districts have been run up very high. This, however, is not the case in the Columbia Valley, for it has never yet been "boomed," and, moreover, it has unusually large areas for settlement. The land round Lake Windermere has been carefully classified as to soil, slope, proximity to schools and churches, access to main roads, outlook, etc., and even for the most expensive land so moderate a price has been put that any settler who pays attention to its cultivation should realise a comfortable income.

Government Experimental Farm

The interest taken by the Canadian Government in the settlement of the Columbia Valley has taken practical shape in the selection of ground in the Wilmer district for a Government Experimental Farm, where the settler may have practical demonstration of what can be grown and how best to grow it. Such experimen al farms have proved of immense value on the prairies, and there is little doubt that the Government Experimental Farm at Lake Windermere will be of genuine assistance to fruit-growers and farmers in the Columbia Valley. Excellent crops were secured in the first year's operation of this farm, and fruit trees are now being planted.

Shipping Facilities

The Kootenay Central Railway is now under construction by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which will thus link up its Crow's Nest branch with its main line at Golden. The location of this line passes through the lands of the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruit Lands, Ltd., and ample shipping facilities have been arranged.

Fifty thousand acres in the Windermere District of the Columbia Valley are being prepared for immediate settlement by the Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruitlands Company, and a number of families have had houses built for them and have settled down in their new homes. A great many more intend to go there this spring and summer. Anyone who desires further information about this district should write to or call at the offices of the Land Department, Canadian Pacific Railway, 62-65, Charing Cross Road, London, S.W.; 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol; Royal Liver Building, Pierhead, Liverpool; or 116, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

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The Embrocation will be found Effectual in cases of
BRONCHITIS & LUMBAGO.
COPY OF AN ORDER RECEIVED.
"Baroness Meltzing requests Messrs. Edwards to despatch six bottles of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, used for children having Hooping-Cough, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.—Penzing, Vienna, 24th March, 1889."
The above order was repeated 1894, 1899, 1903, and 1905.
TELEGRAM—LDN., MERAN, 78, 38, 14/10/99, 10/5.—M.
"Messrs. Edwards, London, 157, Queen Victoria Street.—Please send immediately two bottles Roche's Embrocation for Hooping-Cough to Count Montenoch, at the Duke Phillip of Wuerttemberg, Abbazia, Austro-Hungary.
"Two others to me, Princess Windischgraetz, Meran, Tyrol."
Sold by Druggists throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, and Abroad.
Price 4/- per bottle. Sole Wholesale Agents—
W. EDWARDS & SON, 157, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
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EVERY WOMAN'S WISH FULFILLED

A GLORIOUS GROWTH OF NATURAL HAIR ASSURED TO EVERY LADY IN THE LAND.

FURTHER FREE DISTRIBUTION OF VALUABLE TOILET OUTFITS.

EVERY WOMAN'S WISH.

EVERY lady in the land wishes for a glorious growth of natural, gleaming hair.

But how many, with sighs of regret, look upon shining tresses as unattainable, and endeavour to hide the poverty of their hair with fringes and transformations which deceive few? How many more are ashamed of the scantiness of their locks and are conscious of the loss of charm and power which accompanies hair poverty?

For hair poverty is increasing in England to-day at an alarming rate.

From all parts of the country, from every walk of life come reports of falling and thinning hair and threatened baldness.

To one who has made a lifelong study of the hair, as Mr. Edwards, the inventor of "Harlene Hair-Drill," has done, this state of affairs, however much to be regretted, is not surprising. For the hair calls aloud for proper treatment just as the flowers in the garden must be intelligently tended to induce them to give the choicest blooms.

Even if your hair is strong now it *cannot* remain so unless you give it the treatment it demands. Unless you nurture your hair it will sooner or later begin to fall out, split at the ends, and show signs of hair poverty and distress. This is the effect of neglect.

Every lady in the land may possess a glorious growth of hair by the simple practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" for two minutes every day. Mr. Edwards, the Inventor, wishes every lady who has not yet tested "Harlene Hair-Drill" to do so to-day at his expense. Fill in the coupon below and post to-day, and by return the complete outfit will be yours.

HOW THE WISH MAY BE FULFILLED.

But there is no need for hair poverty at all.

And however you may have neglected your hair in the past, and however weak and straggling it may have become, if you will accept the offer of Mr. Edwards, the Royal Hair Specialist, you may start to-day to grow natural hair, long and vigorous and gleaming with the glow of health.

And this you can do without cost.

Mr. Edwards in his great "Harlene Hair-Drill" campaign has shown over 5,000,000 people how to grow vigorous hair, but he is not satisfied with this magnificent achievement.

It is his ambition to see every lady and gentleman throughout the land in the possession of a fine head of hair, and, therefore, he makes the astonishingly generous offer printed at the bottom of this article.

The wish of every woman to possess a magnificent head of hair is here fulfilled in "Harlene Hair-Drill."

NATURE'S SECRET REVEALED.

For "Harlene Hair-Drill" is the sure method of growing hair—the only certain way. No other method and no other preparation carries nature's secret as does "Harlene."

There is no experimenting with "Harlene Hair-Drill"—no vague hopes that it will "do your hair good." Mr. Edwards—whose reputation as the Royal Hair Specialist is too valuable to risk damaging by promising what he cannot perform—tells you in plain language that if you accept his generous offer and follow the simple rules of "Harlene Hair-Drill," you may rest assured that you will quickly possess a magnificent head of hair which will be the admiration of all your friends

And what is more, your hair will be naturally grown, and, therefore, vigorous—not forced by unnatural means, and, like all forced growths, weak and sickly, and susceptible to the slightest change in temperature or climate.

THE WONDROUS RESULTS OF "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

Start your "Harlene Hair-Drill" to-day, and day by day you can actually perceive the improvement in your hair.

There is no condition of hair ill-health which "Harlene" will not remedy, and no case so stubborn that it will not quickly yield to this wonderful achievement of the scientist.

"Harlene Hair-Drill" cures all the following hair and scalp disorders:—

—Total Baldness (even of years' standing).
—Partial or Patchy Baldness.
—Thinning of Hair over the temples.
—Thin, weak, straggling Hair.
—Hair which falls out whenever brushed or combed.
—Hair which splits at the ends.
—Dull, dead-looking, lustre-lacking Hair.
—Dry, brittle Hair.
—Greasy, inelastic Hair.
—Deposit of Scurf and Dandruff.
—Discoloured Hair.
—Irritation of the Scalp.

GENEROUS FREE GIFT TO EVERY READER.

Below there is printed a coupon.

Fill it up and send it (with 3*d.* in stamps to pay postage of return outfit) to the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

In return you will be sent the following free Hair-Growing Toilet Gift. It contains:—

1. A trial bottle of that delightful hair-food and tonic dressing, Harlene for the Hair.

2. A packet of Cremex for the Shampoo Powder for home use, which thoroughly cleanses the Scalp from Scurf, and prepares the hair for the Hair-Drill Treatment.

3. Mr. Edwards' private book of "Hair-Drill" Rules, which shows you how, by practising them for 2 minutes a day, you can put a stop to the falling or fading of your hair, and restore the latter to luxuriant, healthy, and lustrous abundance.

All chemists and stores sell "Harlene-for-the-Hair" in 1*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and 4*s.* 6*d.* bottles; "Cremex" in 1*s.* boxes of 7 shampoos, single shampoos 2*d.*; or you can obtain them post free from the Edwards' Harlene Co., 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

But first write for the seven days' Free Course of "Harlene Hair-Drill." Fill up this Coupon. Post it to-day (with 3*d.* in stamps to pay carriage of Outfit). By return the complete Triple Toilet Outfit will be yours—to rescue your hair from the perils that are attacking it, and to render it once more attractive, abundant, glossy, bright, and full of colour.

This Coupon entitles you to One Week's "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit FREE.

To THE EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn,
London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, by return of post, a Presentation Toilet Outfit for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." I enclose 3*d.* in stamps to pay carriage of above to any address in the world. Foreign stamps accepted.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

BYSTANDER, Jan. 22, 1913. .....

PICTORIALITIES IN SPORT

SUSSEX v. ESSEX

This county hockey match at Beckenham last Wednesday was won by Sussex by 4 goals to 2. The picture shows a Sussex back checking an advance by the Essex forwards

Photograph Sport and General

OUT WITH THE FELIXSTOWE BEAGLES

Good sport was enjoyed by the followers of these beagles at Bradfield (Essex) last week. The meet was at Jacques Hall, the residence of Sir Edwin Dunning

THE BRAINS OF THE SPRINGBOKS' TEAM

W. A. Millar (left) and F. J. Dobbin, the captain and vice-captain of the South African Rugby footballers, who left for home, after their record tour in this country, on Saturday last. Millar, who is a forward, and Dobbin, who is a half-back, were both members of the first South African team which came over here in 1906, and the present team owes much of its success to their advice and able leadership

THE ARMY v. UNITED HOSPITALS

In this Rugby Match at Richmond last Wednesday the Army fifteen played fine football against a strong United Hospitals team, and beat them by 5 goals and 2 tries to a try. Our illustration shows Lieut. J. L. Huggan (R.A.M.C.) scoring the Army's first try. He scored another later on, and played brilliantly throughout the game

Photograph *Dixon*

LADIES' COUNTY HOCKEY AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE

The Annual County Tournament at Weston-super-Mare, which is one of the great events of the ladies' hockey season, was concluded last week. The tournament is worked on the each-play-each principle and lasts a full week, so that the teams have a very strenuous time. Our illustration shows what the ground looked like on Wednesday last, when Gloucestershire were playing Somerset and beating them by 3 goals to nil

MISS EAST

A rapidly improving Badminton player. At the Ealing tournament, partnered by Miss Johnstone, she won the Ladies' Doubles, restricted to players who had never won an open championship

THE ISIS IN FLOOD: "TUBBING" AND COACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Owing to the floods at Oxford last week, the work of preparing for the Boat Race was seriously impeded. The O.U.B.C. president, L. G. Wormald (Magdalen), who is at present coaching the provisional eight, is seen above riding along the towpath

COL. S. S. C. DOLBY

Hon. Secretary of the Ealing (Middlesex Championship) tournament, which was a great success under his management. Himself an enthusiastic player of no little skill, he competes with obvious enjoyment in veterans' events

MID-SURREY'S LITTLE HILLS AND DALES

It might once have been alleged that the Mid-Surrey course at Richmond, which is the most frequented course in the London district, was too flat to be interesting, but the defect was remedied some time back in the manner depicted above. The club's balance-sheet reveals the fact that the improvements cost nearly £1,400

By ERNEST LEHMANN

Abe Mitchell—ex-Amateur

RUMOUR has been busy recently with the name of Mr. Abe Mitchell. Some writers reported that he had decided to relinquish his amateur status and join the professional ranks, while others added the further information that he intended to make a start by joining his cousin, Arthur Mitchell, who is professional to the St. Leonards and East Sussex Golf Club. The first part of this report only is correct. Mitchell's career as an amateur has been a short but a very fine one. It could hardly be anything but short when we remember that Mitchell is only twenty-five, and that he made his first public appearance in 1910 at Hoylake in the Amateur Championship. Previous to that he had not played anywhere except on his native course at Ashdown Forest, a very charming and delightful course, but hardly a test of first-class golf.

His Past History

It speaks volumes, therefore, for his natural talents that with the short period of practice he got before the Amateur Championship began, he had so far found his feet as to defeat Mr. Guy Campbell in the International Match by 8 and 7 and to play himself into the semi-final of the Championship. Then he met Mr. John Ball, the ultimate winner, and went down heavily. Later in 1910 he won with some ease the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase at Sunningdale, beating the second man by five strokes and conquering a field containing some of the most distinguished amateurs. At Prestwick in 1911 he was suffering from the effects of the sun when he met and was defeated by Mr. Stevens in the sixth round. But his earlier play, more particularly when he vanquished Mr. John Graham in the International Match, showed that he had profited by his wider experience of great courses. His principal failing was in the short putts, a point which has been his vulnerable heel throughout his career. This failing cost him dear in the Amateur Championship last year at Westward Ho! when he reached his highest point by playing himself into the final, none of his antagonists, except his old rival, Mr. Stevens, having in any degree pressed him. The historic final with Mr. John Ball is still so vividly within our memories that I need only say that after leading Mr. Ball by three holes at the close of the morning round he ultimately suffered defeat at the thirty-eighth hole. This, it will be admitted, is a great record.

Photograph *Dixon*

MRS. GAVIN

The international lady golfer and plaintiff in the recent litigation against the officials of the Chertsey Golf Club, which arose out of a dispute as to the retention of the services of W. Horne, the well-known professional, for a round on the Chertsey course

Ladies who value their Complexions should drink

BARLEY WATER

at their meals, but must be sure that it is made from

ROBINSON'S "Patent" BARLEY

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Pearl barley should be carefully *avoided*, as it is often adulterated.

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Usual Price, 16/11; Sale Price, **12/9**

As supplied by us to Royalty.

Lot 667 BK.—**Real Shetland Wool Spencers,** Hand-knit, particularly suitable for Riding, Motoring, Cycling, and for wearing under Blouse or Shirt. Perfect Fitting, and give warmth without weight. White or Grey.
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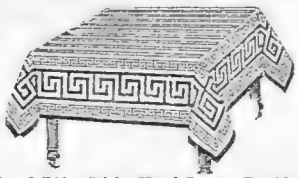

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Cloths.	Sale Price. each.	Cloths.	Sale Price. each.
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2 by 2½ yds.	15/11	2½ by 3 yds	24/9
2 by 3 yds.	19/6	2½ by 3½ yds.	28/9
2½ by 4 yds. ..	32/9		

Napkins.
Size ¾ by ¾ yd.; Sale Price, **24/3** doz.

BATH TOWELS.

Lot 185 BY.—White Turkish, heavy make, large size.
Usual Price, 1/6¾. Sale Price, **1/3½**

Lot 183 BY.—White Turkish, large size, heavy quality.
Usual Price, 1/11½. Sale Price, **1/6¾**

Lot 187 BY.—White Turkish, large size, Special Value, 2/6.
Sale Price, **1/11¾**

Lot 138 BY.—**Irish Linen Huckaback Towels.** Fine Quality Damask Border and Hemstitched. Size 22 by 39 in. Usual Price, 16/9 Sale Price, **13/9** per doz.

Costumes, Blouses, and Robes.

Lot 418 BD.—**New One-piece Robe.** Requires joining at the back. This Robe is made of White Cotton Chiffon Voile, daintily embroidered, trimmed Lace.
Sale Price, **17/6**

Lot 390 BB.—**Smart Cotton Crepe Blouse,** good severe style, with new Collar effect, finished large Crochet Buttons, Long Sleeves. In Ivory only.
Sale Price, **8/9**

Lot 399 BC.—**Dainty Gown in Voile,** the Bodice and Skirt is handsomely embroidered, the front and foot of Skirt is inlet with Irish Crochet Lace. Valenciennes Lace and Irish Crochet trim the Bodice, Black Velvet Bow at neck, Crochet Buttons make a smart finish to the Bodice, Cuffs, and Skirt.
Usual Price, 45/6; Sale Price, **35/6**

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290-320, OXFORD STREET, W.

RACING: The Grand National. BY CARBINE

The Liverpool Spring Meeting

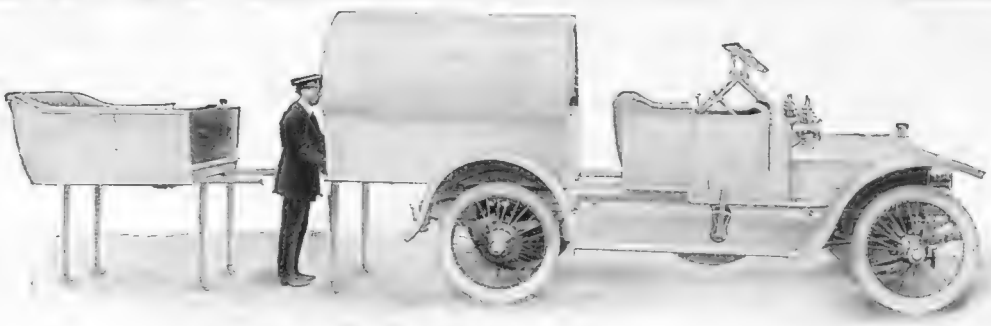
The Liverpool Spring Meeting this year will, it is to be hoped, be carried through under more favourable conditions than those which surrounded it last year, when, it will be remembered, the miners' strike, after interfering with Lincoln to some extent, so far as railway facilities were concerned, threatened to affect the Grand National meeting much more seriously owing to the difficulty which was anticipated in regard to securing an adequate supply of police. However, the trouble passed over, and this year the prospect is clear. To turn to the entries for the Grand National which appeared in the last *Calendar*, besides those of several other important events under National Hunt rules, they are voted generally satisfactory. Of course, Jerry M is among those in the 'chasing classic, and his case is exercising the minds of the amateur handicappers considerably. What weight will he get? One wonders whether all records in connection with weight-carrying in this race are destined to be broken next April.

New Records?

Cloister, Manifesto, and Jerry M have each carried 12st. 7lb. to victory at Aintree, and no horse has succeeded with more than that weight. It is agreed that Jerry M will have to shoulder more than he won with last year; and should he win two years in succession he will establish, coincidentally, two records which will stand for a long while, one imagines. Manifesto (who might be called, if he hasn't already, the Grand Old Manifesto of the 'Chase), after winning twice, twice carried more than 12st. 7lb. into a place. He was third with 12st. 13lb., and again with 12st. 8lb. In any case, if Jerry M, described as perhaps the most magnificent type of weight-carrying 'chasers seen at Liverpool or anywhere else, is allotted as much as 13st., there will still be plenty of people to support Sir Charles Assheton-Smith's gelding, and every lover of a good horse will rejoice exceedingly to see him bear such a burden and such popular colours to victory. One of the most genuine competitors, all going well, will be Axle Pin, who bore Lord Derby's colours into third place twelve months ago. Axle Pin won the Valentine Steeplechase, at Liverpool, last November in good style, but, then, Jerry M gave the son of Quidnunc 31lb. and a ten lengths' beating last Spring.

Coming Events

This week's racing is of a very interesting order. Newbury occupies Wednesday and Thursday, and on the first day **Red Coil** may win the Sefton Maiden Steeplechase and **Violet Charlesworth** the United Hunts Cup. A good field can contest the Berkshire Maiden Hurdle Race. Tweedledum is fancied, but Willaura has been coughing. It may be best to trust **Braxted** here, but if he waits for Kempton the next day Pollen will have my support. **Toiler** may take the Middlesex Hurdle on Friday, and on Saturday **Clondalkin** might win the Kempton Park Handicap Steeplechase. **Elshender** has a chance in the Harrington Handicap Hurdle Race at Nottingham on Monday, and on Tuesday the Nottinghamshire Handicap Steeplechase may fall to **Ballymacad.**



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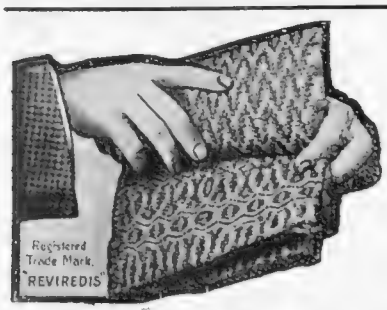

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19/6	16/-	18/6	21/-	24/6	22/6
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I have helped thousands of women to obtain perfect development through a simple means by which any woman can easily enlarge her bust to the exact size and firmness desired.

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Thousands of women are to-day the possessors of beautiful busts and perfect forms as the result of an accidental discovery made more than two years ago by Madame Margarette Merlain, whose fame has now spread to nearly every part of the world. While taking a new prescription for building up her health, Madame Merlain suddenly noticed that her bust was growing from almost nothing to a very large size; in fact, her bust measure increased six inches in thirty days.

Physicians and chemists to whom the matter was reported arranged to try the new treatment she had used on ten other women without busts. The results obtained within a few days truly astonished the sages of medicine and science, and in a few weeks each of the ten women had obtained a most marvellous enlargement of the bust. Next it was tried on fifty women without busts, and the same marvellous enlargement was obtained.

Madame Merlain is herself a living example of the great power of her remarkable discovery. By many she is considered to have the most beautiful bust and most perfect form of any woman in Europe. But, best of all, this wonderful discovery not only succeeded in her own case and in those where special tests were made, but it seems to have worked even more astonishing results in the cases of others, even after ordinary pills, massage, wooden cups, and various advertised preparations had all been tried without the slightest results.

WHICH WOULD YOU BE?

Note the contrast between these two ladies—the one thin, angular, and unattractive; the other perfectly developed, with beautifully curved arms, neck, shoulders, and bust, and the centre of attraction. My discovery will do all this for you in 30 DAYS

Miss Helen Marion Buckett, of 166, Cholmeley Road, Reading, writes:—"Since using the Venus-Carnis treatment my bust has developed in all four inches, an improvement for which I am extremely thankful."

Madame de Ziskrovsky, of Paris, says:—"My bust was flat and soft, and, thanks to your marvellous treatment, I now have a bust, firm and well developed, which is the admiration of all. I am all the more grateful to you, as I had already tried several other remedies which had all been without the least results."

Madame Dixon, of Cannes, says:—"The great hollows in my neck, which were my despair, have completely disappeared. My bust has become firm and considerably larger, and I am now able to wear low-necked gowns without shame and humiliation."

Mrs. McGee, of Colwyn Bay, Wales, says:—"My breasts, which were a short time ago quite flat and undeveloped, are now, I am proud to say, round, and just as large and firm as I desire to have them. I also feel much brighter and better than before."

Madame Dietrich, of Leipzig, Germany, writes:—"I am entirely satisfied, and I never imagined that such results would be possible, because for several years I have been ill and was constantly following treatments of one kind or another. I have not only obtained a beautifully curved form and firm flesh, but my general health has been greatly improved."

Dr. Colonnay, of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, declares: "No matter whether a woman be young or old, nor what her condition of health may be, I firmly believe that in the Venus-Carnis treatment she has an infallible method for developing and beautifying her bust."

Dr. Domenico Scuncio, of Prata Sannita, Italy, states: "I beg to confirm my previous letters concerning the Venus-Carnis treatment, and I have pleasure in informing you that my patient has used this treatment and is very satisfied with the really marvellous results that she has obtained. I can, therefore, conscientiously state that this treatment is excellent, and that it can in no way be compared to others of its kind, claiming to give the same results."

There are hundreds of just such statements as the above on file in my office, as well as actual photographs taken one month apart, before and after the use of this remarkable treatment. You can come and see them for yourself, or, if inconvenient to call, I will gladly send you, absolutely free and under plain sealed cover, complete information regarding the exact means by which you can enlarge your own bust to the size and firmness you desire. All I ask is two penny stamps to help cover cost of posting, and I positively guarantee you a beautiful bust in thirty days, no matter how flat or undeveloped you may be at present. What this treatment has done for others it is bound to do for you. Use the free coupon below to-day.

FREE COUPON for obtaining a BEAUTIFUL BUST in 30 days.

Cut out this coupon and send to-day (or write and mention No. 804S) with your name and address, enclosing two penny stamps to help cover postage expenses, to Margarette Merlain (Dept. 804S), Pembroke House, Oxford Street, London, W., and you will receive full information regarding the exact means for making your bust as large and firm as you desire, absolutely free, under plain sealed cover.

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EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES

No. 4.—The first Wolseley car.

A comparison of the first Wolseley car ever made, here illustrated, with the modern Wolseley affords an interesting study in evolution. This strange vehicle, having the appearance partly of a tricycle and partly of an invalid's chair, issued from the Wolseley works in 1895, before the motor branch was established as a separate undertaking. The engine had two cylinders, horizontally opposed, a method that was continued by the Company until a few years ago. Transmission was by belt, via a three-speed gear-box, to the solitary rear driving wheel.

From the tyre point of view, however, the most interesting thing is that the car was fitted with pneumatics, this being the first of the series to be equipped in this manner. They were Dunlops, which tyres are fitted as standard to the Wolseley cars of to-day. Here again a comparison between past and present can be instituted, for the Dunlop motor tyre is a descendant from the Dunlop cycle tyre, which was the first practicable pneumatic tyre made. To-day the Dunlop stands pre-eminent, based on an experience lengthier than that of any other tyre manufacturer in the world.

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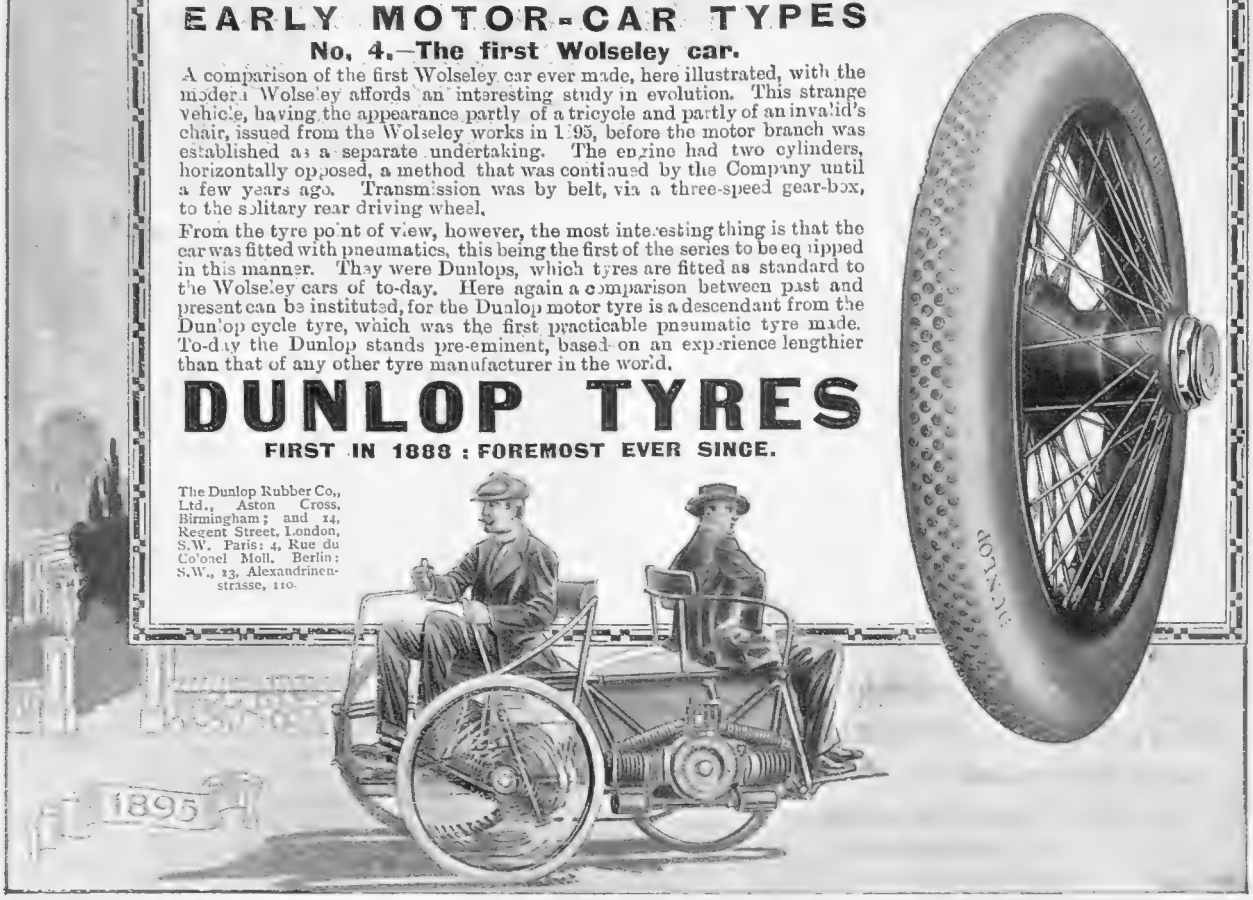

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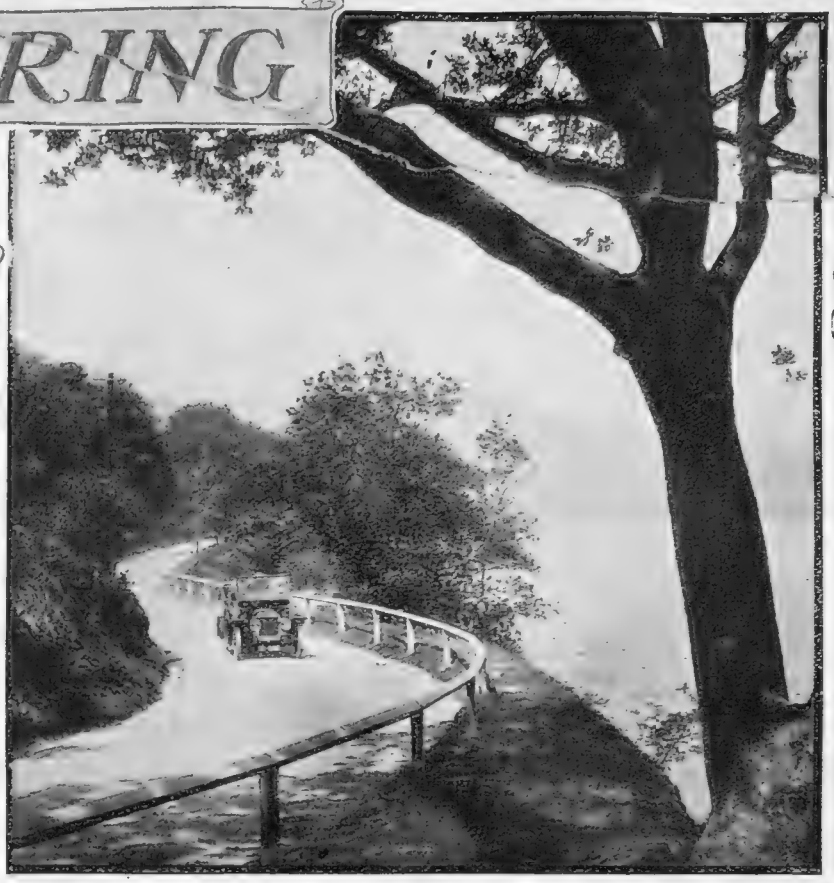
By Land, Sea and Sky

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY



Photograph THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS [*Maud Tetwan*

Meaning, of course, the banks o' Loch Lomond—particularly bonnie viewed from the car seat. For the motoring tourist the district is one of greatest natural charm and historic colour. Roads are good, the air has tonic properties, every prospect pleases, and only man and the weather are (occasionally) vile

Some Pages in Waiting

THESE pages, 246 of them to be precise, have been far too long in waiting. They come opportunely at a time when motorists are vastly concerned with problems of fuel for internal combustion engines, and when Imperialists are beginning to inquire with some anxiety into the prospects of free access to supplies of oil for similar engines in naval and national service. In "Petroleum, the Motive Power of the Future" (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.* net), Messrs. Walter Sheldon Tower, Ph.D., and John Roberts, F.G.S., M.I.M.E., have traced the story of petroleum as a modern industry back for fifty years, that is, almost to the commencement of its serious application to purposes of lighting, have very clearly indicated its extraordinarily important place in the present scheme of things, and have forecasted a future that leaves one breathless at the wonder of the prospect.

The Rise of Petroleum

Of all the mineral wealth extracted from the soil, petroleum stands next after coal and iron, and streets in front of the precious metals for national value. Starting in comparatively modern times with the drilling of a well at Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, in 1859, by Edwin L. Drake, until then a conductor on the New York and New Haven Railroad, it came into rapid use as an illuminant. A boom commenced. The South Sea bubble was a fool thing by comparison with the Pennsylvania Oil bubble. Millions of dollars were lost in that mammoth gamble and millions were won. Demand grew. The passion for oil production spread like the epidemic it was until prospectors were trailing over the likely world. The successful adaptation of oil and its by-products to countless purposes stimulated output. The perfection of the oil-burner made petroleum a possible fuel for locomotives, steamships, fire-engines, and the like. Its importance in this connection increased enormously with experience.

The Impetus of the Petrol Engine

Then came the internal combustion engine, and demand multiplied itself a hundredfold. The output is stupendous. From that well which Drake opened up, 2,530,000,000 barrels of forty-two gallons each had been extracted up to the end of 1911. Fifty thousand wells in America alone are producing millions of barrels yearly. Fifty barrels were taken from Texas in 1895. Ten years later the output totalled 28,000,000 barrels. The Russian wells of Baku rival, if they do not beat, America for quantity of garnered output. The struggle for the markets of the world has been possibly the grimmest and most titanic in the history of commerce.

The Struggle for Markets

The Standard Oil Company of America arrived first. It practically dominated supply, had huge financial resources and few scruples. Then the Russians took a hand, and as supplies were projected started to reach out for a share of the trade from behind the protection of their tariff. Financial resources, with the Rothschilds' dominating hand on the purse-strings, grew to the fabulous size of Standard Oil. Against those Russian funds the favourite device of Standard Oil for starving out competition, by selling below cost if necessary, failed. The Russian Company continued to increase its foreign business. A compromise was attempted with a proposal to share the world's market between the two companies, Standard to have 70 per cent. and Baku 30 per cent. Baku

refused and the fight went on, with Russia continually winning on the European continent and eastward. Then the Burmese competitor arose in the form of an English Company exploiting the Burmese fields practically as a monopoly under Governmental in India. This Company found a profitable another rebuff. [illegible] Indies cropped up, with an oil little, if any, inferior to the best American, to threaten the Chinese market. All these are linking up in one great combine against Standard Oil.

Where Monopoly Begins

Assuredly that fight cannot last. Indeed, it is at least questionable whether it is operating at all in this country. Finally the two will surely come to a working arrangement, and then the supply of the world is cornered, and the world is once again at the mercy of international capitalism in the matter of a necessity of individual and national life. That is the sinister moral which, although not specifically emphasised in this book, is clear for all men to read. There is no escape from the operations of that trust save through international Governmental action.

Of National Importance

This is a matter intimately affecting our national transport and armaments by land, sea, and sky. Failing a substitute for petrol, which cannot certainly be discovered and perfected under a few years, what is to be done? That is the problem which every motorist, both as such and as a citizen, is called upon very seriously to consider. It is because that problem is brought to focus in "Petroleum, the Motive Power of the Future," that the book is specially welcome to-day, and is cordially urged upon the attention of the readers of these columns. But it is also commended for the literary merit and interest of it. There is nothing technical about it. It is, properly regarded, a book of stirring romance, which is not detracted from by the fact that the romance is of business and is woven on a fabric of fact.

Photograph *Brocherel*

THE CAR IN EFFIGY

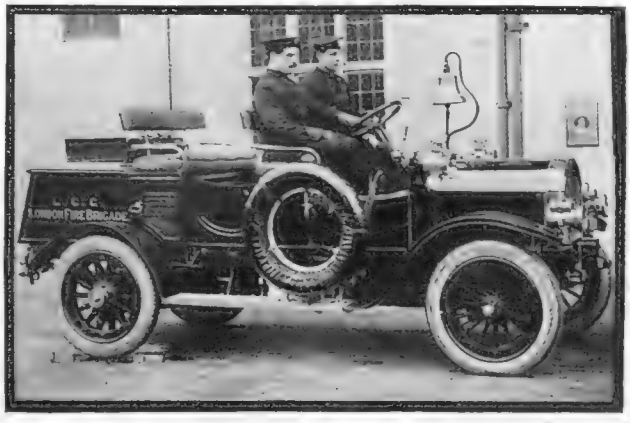
One effort of the snow figure experts in the competition at St. Moritz. The car is hardly cast in either a heroic or a modern mould, but at any rate it is in no danger of over-heating

A Patriarch Among Automobiles

An automobile that got itself born in 1895, and that has persisted in the front rank of mechanical progress even unto this last, must be a machine of no ordinary quality. 1895 was a very dark age in the evolution of mechanical transport. It is in motor traction about the equivalent of the stage in biology when primitive man first stood up with a dim waver of the light of reason in him. As, therefore, time is judged in automobilism, the Rochet-Schneider is a patriarch with an ell-long beard.

Features of the Rochet-Schneider

But he is a patriarch who has renewed his youth from year to year. There isn't a trace of mechanical senility about him. He was with the first, for example, to adopt the shaft-drive. I believe he was pioneer in the matter of the monobloc engine. Automatically adjusted carburation; automatically proportioned pressure lubrication—these are but a passing indication of the central fact that the Rochet-Schneider is no laggard for its years, but a very sprightly youth, ready to measure physique and powers against all comers. The range of power is from 15 h.-p. to 25 h.-p. in the four-cylinder category, and there are two "sixes" of 18 h.-p. and 28 h.-p., apart from a selection of commercial vehicles. Latterly the firm has opened showrooms at 124, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., where all models may be inspected and trial runs arranged. Very cordially I commend the R.S. proposition to your careful consideration, less because it maintains the high traditions of French engineering in a way to justify any claim it may make to front-rank position among the cars of the Continent, than because it is a very finished example of car-craft by whatever standard of comparison, and a very smooth-running, powerful, comfortable, easily controlled carriage withal.



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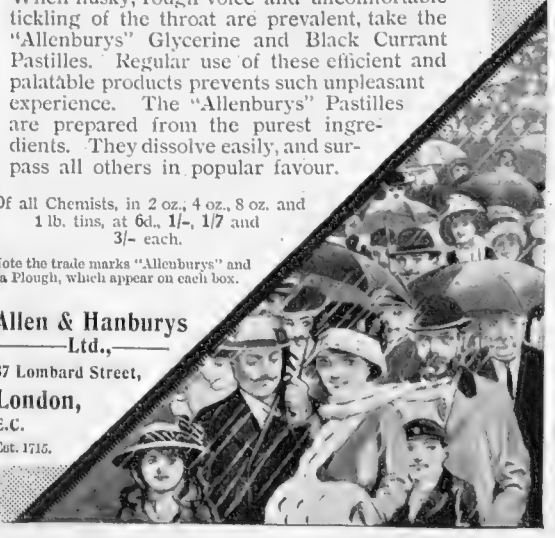

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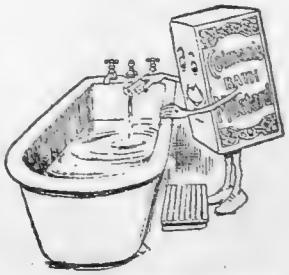

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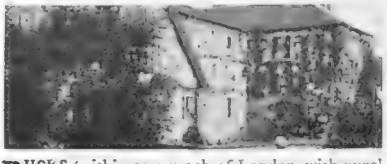

BUCKS (within easy reach of London, with excellent train service).—For SALE, Freehold, exceptionally charming old FARMHOUSE, renovated and enlarged, situated on high ground. Containing: entrance loggia, staircase hall, sitting hall (19ft. by 15ft.), well-lighted drawing room (24ft. by 16ft.), dining room (24ft. by 14ft.), smoking room, lavatory and w.c., good offices, kitchen yard. Above, by 2 stairways, are 8 well-arranged bedrooms, bathroom and lavatory (h. and c.), linen cupboard, boxroom. Most artistically laid-out grounds of about 2 acres; brick motor-house and yard; electric light, Company's water, main drainage; convenient for church, post, and shops.

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TO BE SOLD.—One of the most attractive ESTATES of its character in the market, extending to some 800 acres, having a medium-sized RESIDENCE (above depicted), with electric light, etc., capital shooting and other sport. Large rent-roll. Small outgoings.—Full particulars of the Agents, EDWIN FEAR and WALKER, Winchester.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, CHOICE HOUSE, not isolated; fairly high above sea level, dry situation, gravel or sandy soil, small grounds not overlooked. Good golf and train service essential. Home counties, Sussex and seaside preferred. Short tenancy, furnished if possible, with option of lease unfurnished. Or might purchase. 3 good reception, 6 to 8 bedrooms, good servants' offices; garage. — Address, "C.," care of DAVIES and Co., Advertising Agents, Finch Lane, Cornhill.

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SHREWSBURY.—Charming RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished, for the next few months, standing on high ground, containing: large hall, 2 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bedrooms, and all modern conveniences; good stabling and motor-house. Would suit hunting family.—Apply for full particulars to J. and B. BLOWER (Ltd.), House Agents, Shrewsbury.

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LONG CARRIAGE DRIVE.

Containing hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), usual offices. Shady gardens and meadow-land of about

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DERBYSHIRE.—In the beautiful Chatsworth and Haddon Hall country.

A HANDSOME STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE. —Lounge hall, 4 reception, bath, 17 bed and dressing rooms, with stone-mullioned windows, 400ft. high, on light soil; excellent stabling, garage; 2 cottages; tastefully laid-out pleasure grounds; farmery and rich meadow-land of

10½ ACRES.

Hunting. Shooting. Fishing. Golf. Bargain, £5,000.

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GODALMING (in a charming rural situation).—For SALE, the above depicted picturesque creeper-clad RESIDENCE, approached by avenue drive, with pretty lodge at entrance; *Main water; electric light, gas, telephone;* good stabling; beautifully timbered and shrubbed pleasure grounds, wide spreading lawns, flower beds, and pasture-land of NEARLY 8 ACRES. 18-hole golf course, 1 mile; boating and fishing; sandy soil. Bargain, £3,000.

One of the most beautiful Sussex county seats at present in the market, and situate in the famous Ashdown Forest district, 5 miles from East Grinstead.

THE SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE AND IMPOSING RESIDENCE is heated by hot-water radiators and lighted by electricity, is approached by 2 carriage drives, with lodge at each entrance, and stands in the midst of fascinating pleasure grounds and beautifully timbered and wooded parklands of

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There is good stabling, motor garage, 8 cottages, and a productive home farm.—Illustrated particulars of F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

BUCKS (in a beautiful rural situation, 1 hour from Town). — The interesting OLD-FASHIONED AND IMPOSING RESIDENCE stands in the centre of its own

HEAVILY TIMBERED PARK OF 70 ACRES,

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THE PLEASURE GROUNDS ARE OF UNUSUAL BEAUTY.

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NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON. — The above PICTURESQUE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE, standing high, commanding lovely views: 14 bed and dressing, bath, and 4 handsome reception rooms; approached by carriage drive; charming pleasure grounds and fine old pasture-land 24 ACRES. More land up to 300 acres if desired. Excellent stabling.

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WELL-SHADED OLD GROUNDS,

with undulating lawns, flower beds, 2 ornamental ponds, tennis and croquet lawns, etc., and contains the following accommodation: inner hall (17ft. 8in. by 14ft. 10in.), dining room (20ft. 4in. by 20ft.), drawing room (20ft. 2in. by 17ft. 4in.), morning room (15ft. by 14ft. 9in.), billiard room (36ft. 9in. by 19ft. 6in.), 5 large principal bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, bathroom, workroom or bedroom, day and night nurseries, 2 servants' bedrooms, and boxroom. The stabling comprises 2 stalls, 2 loose boxes, coach-house and garage, etc.; 3 cottages.—Box K 5,288, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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SURREY (40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, a modern RESIDENCE, occupying a high position, commanding beautiful views. It stands on gravel soil, with a South aspect, and the accommodation comprises: lounge entrance hall, billiard room (24ft. by 18ft.), dining room, panelling in oak, drawing and morning rooms, and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; above are 9 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms; electric light; garage; the gardens of 1½ acres include rosary, tennis court, rock garden, and flower and kitchen gardens.—Apply Box K 4,992, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

½ AN HOUR FROM TOWN. NEAR FAMOUS GOLF LINKS.

BUCKS (3 miles from a main line station).—To be SOLD, a delightful old HOUSE, in faultless order throughout, and standing in finely timbered grounds of about 5 acres. The accommodation comprises: pretty old-fashioned lounge hall, 3 reception rooms and second lounge or billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, etc.; acetylene gas throughout; excellent stabling and garage, coachman's quarters, etc.; the pleasure grounds are ornamented by beautiful specimen trees and shrubs, and include 2 excellent tennis courts, croquet lawn, shrubberies, kitchen garden, etc. —Box K 5,199, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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A fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber are exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,242, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK-AND-WHITE RESIDENCE, above depicted, contains: lofty lounge hall, 4 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 17 bed and dressing rooms.

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Picturesque entrance lodge, 9 cottages, small farmery. NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 36 ACRES. Bargain, £9,000, or offer.—Box M 33, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

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HANTS, CHRISTCHURCH.—An attractive little FREEHOLD HOUSE, about ¾ of a mile from the station, containing sitting rooms, 2 staircases, bathroom, 6 or 7 bedrooms; stabling for 2, motor garage; gardener's and coachman's cottages.

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Ornamental lawn with fountain, fruit and vegetable garden, orchard, paddock, useful greenhouses, in all over

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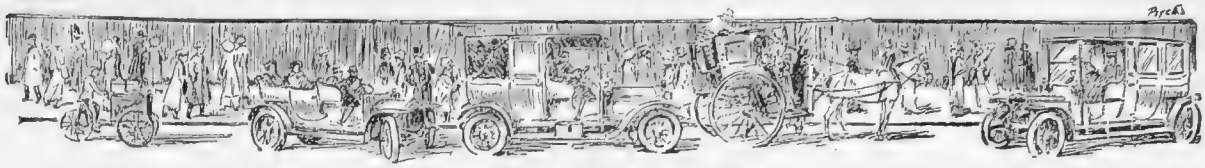

By MRS. JACK MAY

MONTHS ago, as a man's hand in the clouds, I saw it coming, that curious high *coiffure* so admirably portrayed in my first sketch this week. Naturally, it strikes the eye as *très amusante*, and I have purposely selected a rather exaggerated example the better to enforce its claims. This *coiffure* is the logical conclusion of the flat, swathed heads, the upward line having arrived through the medium of the Rossetti roll, which has been creeping gradually higher and higher, and growing narrower and narrower in the process.

With her customary verve, the *vraie élégante* in Paris is essaying the style without any reservation, and if the majority look as charming as does our portraiture, we shall not be long on this side of the Channel in adopting the vogue. At present it is essentially an evening dressing, and with millinery in its present mood there is every likelihood of its retaining that position. The simple little *demi*-toilette worn is of green voile *de soie*, enhanced by *broderies* of old gold and silver.

Hair Treatment

Apropos of hair and its treatment generally, I have again had occasion to witness the marvellous results of Kopatine Powder, used at the Maison George, 40, Buckingham Palace Road.

This discovery by Monsieur George, the sole proprietor and producer of Kopatine, is working a very revolution in hair colouring. In addition, moreover, to colouring to any natural shade, Monsieur George undertakes to restore permanently white, grey, or faded hair. And in every case the latter is left exquisitely soft and clean, and in every way gains by the application. Being purely vegetable, it goes without saying that Kopatine is quite harmless, and can be used on the most delicate skin with absolute impunity. While still more wonderful is the fact that it will not wash or brush off, does not soil linen or brushes, and is impervious to all weathers and climates. Truly a very bundle of virtues.

The Influence of the Early Courts

These first social functions represent the pebble thrown into the society pool, the single ring thus formed gradually widening into hundreds. From information that has reached me from several reliable sources, the *couturières* who count decline altogether to recognise any restrictions as to materials. On the one hand, everything of the softest and most *souple* order is employed, and on the other brocades of an appreciable body take the floor, so to say. There is a certain satin sublime *broché* that, hitting as it does just the mean between these two extremes, should certainly find an assured position. In pure white this

Photograph *Taxet*

THE HEAD-DRESS OF THE MOMENT

This "coiffure" is the logical conclusion of the flat, swathed heads, the upward line having arrived through the medium of the Rossetti roll, which has been creeping gradually higher and higher, and growing narrower and narrower in the process

fabric is ideal for débutantes' dresses, and would effect the change that is always so welcome in any direction from the stereotyped plain satin.

Also, an interesting item of news to be chronicled is that *charmeuse* is to find a serious rival this season in the very heavy *crêpe de Chine* for tailored costumes as well as gowns. Wonderful accounts are given of the draping possibilities of this particular quality of *crêpe*, and it is said to tailor beautifully. Then another extreme novelty is an all-silk covert coating. This, it will be understood, in appearance and colouring has all the familiar aspects of woollen coating, only expressed in silk. So far I am not dreadfully impressed by the plagiarism, although the faculty in the silk world appear to be. Without offence I may say the replica is so faithful it is difficult at sight to distinguish between silk coating and that of wool.

Photo] A DIMINUTIVE CHAPEAU [*Talbot*

The hand-made satin hat can do no wrong. Here is one of the latest versions expressed in grey, with a forlorn looking ostrich feather in shaded tones to enhance the length at one side. The arrangement of the hair shows another approved style of the hour

A Typical Example

A typical example of the style of gown that will be taken up for Court wear comprises a dress of pale blue and silver brocade, arranged over an under-dress of yellow lace. The *arrière* aspect of the design is supremely elegant, a wide, flat panel of the brocade starting at a high line, in fact at the base of a pointed corsage of lightly draped white tulle, and disappearing midway beneath folds of the brocade, brought from the front, and eventually resolving into a short double-pointed train. The accompanying Court train will be of silver tissue exquisitely embroidered in pearls and *dimanté*, the *broderie* forming a solid mass half-way up and then gracefully tapering off either side. In marked contrast to this magnificence is the extreme simplicity of the tulle corsage, this, however, providing a perfect background for magnificent jewels. The deftness with which tulle, especially black tulle, is now handled is beyond describing. Used with either a selvedge or the neatest whipped over-edge, these veilings frequently escape attention until at close quarters, although one has been made to realise their presence by a certain something suggesting vapour. On an adorable little blouse that came my way a cleverly mingled scheme of fine black Chantilly over white snowball tulle, relieved by embroideries of serpent-green and gold, a flat *volant* of black tulle fell either side the front, and formed deep, flat ruffles over the hands.

A VERY FINE LAC CABINET

On carved and gilt stand, 6ft. high and 3ft. 9in. wide. Priced £105, at John Barker's, Kensington

Beautiful Antique Lacquer

In the face of the immense value now set upon this exquisite work, the collection at present reposing in the antique department at John Barker's, Kensington, is supremely interesting. It speaks volumes, moreover, for the keen zest and enterprise of the authorities in securing such a show, the collection including specimens from France, Holland, and China, together with some exceptionally beautiful pieces of English workmanship.

It is impossible to quote prices, because each article is individually valued. But some idea may be gained of the rapid advance in price lately placed upon lacquer by the fact that the handsome cabinet illustrated might possibly have fetched, a few years ago, £50, whereas to-day it is a veritable bargain at £105. This piece stands on a fine carved gilt stand, the height from top to floor measuring 6ft. by 3ft. 9in. wide.

There are also several lacquer clocks, both small and full grandfather size, and a charming black lacquer bureau after Queen Anne type. The Chinese work is well exemplified in an armchair, another chair having a quaint spoon back. But the collection throughout is unique, and should attract hundreds of connoisseurs to this admirable section of John Barker's.

The Robin Society

(*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER)

SIR, — Last year this Society was able to brighten the lives of 230 children by sending them to Brighton for a week. May we appeal to the readers of your popular periodical to grant us all the monetary assistance they can, in order that, if possible, we may benefit more this year than last? Unlike most similar institutions, the Robin Society pays all expenses, so that each child goes away without throwing the slightest burden on its parents.—The HON. SECRETARY, The Robin Society, 421, New Cross Road, S.E.

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Mrs. Adair is recommended by the Medical Profession and Patronised by Royalty.

MRS. JACK MAY writes in *Country Life*:—". . . . It was only when I got outside that Fatigue once more claimed me for her own, and the glass in the hansom revealed a haggard face, with deep purple circles round weary eyes. 'What shall we do?' I cried to my companion, who was powdering her nose with the energy of despair. 'I cannot face a big dinner-party to-night with such a mask as this!' My friend is a woman of intelligence and action. 'I know,' she said, as she snapped her powder puff into her little gold-meshed purse, 'we'll go and sample **Mrs. Adair!**' And in a few minutes we were at **92, NEW BOND STREET**, and had poured our tale of woe into handsome **Mrs. Adair's** kindly ears. 'I think we can set matters right,' she said with a smile, and, calling two pretty girls, we were soon reposing in two comfortable armchairs, and half the fatigue and the dreadful 'drawn' feeling of the skin of the face seemed to vanish under the preliminary application of '**Diable Skin Tonic**' (**21/6, 10/6, 7/6 and 5/6**), for cleansing and bracing the face, followed by the '**Ganesh Eastern Oil (30/6, 21/6, 10/6 and 5/6) and Cream**' (**10/6, 6/6 and 3/6**), which was patted into the skin with an extraordinary movement, for Mrs. Adair's cardinal principle is that the skin should never be pushed or pulled in any way, on account of its elasticity. The patting or drumming movements brace up the muscles underneath the skin, and that is the result to aim at, for if the muscles are firm and full there can be no puffiness or slackness of the skin. The whole treatment was so extraordinarily soothing and restful, especially round and over the eyes and eyelids, that I went to sleep; but when I woke up at the end of an hour, and was told by the smiling operator to look at myself in the glass, I could hardly believe that the rosy face and bright eyes I saw therein belonged to the same haggard countenance I had brought there an hour and a half previously. **Such magic must be seen and experienced to be believed, and I could see I was not made up in any way.**"

The really useful book, "How to Restore and Retain the Youthful Beauty of Face and Form," sent by return free of charge. CONSULTATION FREE.

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Avoid doubtful preparations which may contain spirit, ammonia, or leaden ingredients, and

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Rowland's Macassar Oil

It supplies the Hair cells with the diet on which their vitality depends.

The Hair after its use becomes silk-like and glossy, and the improvement is striking. It is beautifully perfumed with Otto of Roses. For children it is a necessity. There is

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M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

Before going out in the cold - Try it!

The Menu: Macaroni Dishes

Macaroni and Tongue Croquettes

Boil, in plenty of salted water, 4oz. of small macaroni for twenty minutes, drain, and cut it into dice-shaped pieces. Chop rather coarsely 2oz. of cooked tongue. Heat this up in a gill of well-seasoned tomato sauce, then add the macaroni together with 1oz. of grated Parmesan and Gruyère cheese (half of each). Season with salt and pepper, also a pinch of paprika, then stir the mixture over the fire till well reduced, and spread it on a dish to cool. When cold make up into even-sized portions, and shape each into a ball, oval or cork-shape. Brush over carefully with beaten egg, and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry the croquettes in deep hot fat to a golden brown, then take them up, drain well, and arrange neatly on a hot dish. Garnish with fried parsley, and serve plain or with a boat of piquante sauce.

Fillets of Sole and Macaroni au Gratin

Take several small fillets of sole (lemon-sole will do), lay them in lemon-juice and pepper. Grease a flat fireproof dish, place in it a layer of macaroni or spaghetti, ready boiled, then the fish, then more macaroni. Moisten well with white stock or milk, and cook in the oven until the fish is done. Have ready some good white sauce, flavoured with cheese, pour over, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and brown in the oven.

Macaroni Quenelle

Take 1oz. of macaroni, 4oz. of breadcrumbs, two eggs, half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, a dust of cayenne and salt to taste, 2oz. of melted butter, and two spoonfuls of chopped ham; boil the macaroni twenty minutes, cut it into small pieces, boil the milk, and pour on the breadcrumbs, and let soak for five minutes, add the macaroni, eggs, melted butter, and ham, put all into a well-buttered mould, and steam for one hour. Turn out and serve with a thick brown gravy.

Macaroni à la Paysanne

Put 1½oz. of butter into a stewpan, and when melted add ¼lb. of macaroni, previously cooked, and six olives, thinly sliced. Cook these for five minutes, occasionally stirring. Then add one gill of brown sauce, 2oz. of grated cheese, and a good seasoning of salt and pepper. Make very hot, and serve with dry toast.

Macaroni à l'Italienne

Cook 3oz. of macaroni or spaghetti in boiling salted water for twenty minutes, drain it well, and put it into a hot saucepan with 1oz. of butter. Season well with salt and white pepper, and stir in 3oz. of grated cheese; turn the macaroni lightly and quickly with a fork until the cheese melts, then stir in sufficient tomato sauce to moisten it, and when this is well mixed and hot, serve at once. This makes an excellent savoury.

Macaroni and Mushrooms

Boil some macaroni with a little salt and drain off the water. Slice and cook some mushrooms in butter, and boil a tomato with a small pinch of salt. Place in a saucepan layers of macaroni with grated Parmesan and Gruyère cheese, and then put in the prepared mushrooms. Add a ¼lb. of butter, and stir well altogether over the fire. Then arrange the macaroni on a silver dish, and just before serving pour over it the juice of the tomato passed through a fine hair-sieve. Serve hot.

Macaroni Tartlets

Cut some cooked macaroni into half-inch pieces, and fry them lightly in butter, then add a little cream and béchamel sauce, just enough to bind it, season to taste with salt and paprika, add some grated Parmesan or Gruyère cheese, and then fill into baked tartlet crusts. Sprinkle over some chopped truffles and a few drops of liquid meat extract or Lemco. Heat up tartlets in the oven and serve hot.

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Everyone knows, to their cost, the tremendous amount of coal consumed by the ordinary bar grate, and how little heat is given out in proportion. The reason is that, owing to the old-fashioned construction of the bar grate, the heat is wasted in the chimney instead of warming your room. The "HUE" Fire is barless, will burn for hours without attention, and is guaranteed to give out more heat **WITH ABOUT HALF THE COAL CONSUMPTION.** Another great advantage is that it **can be adapted to any existing stove** without removing the mantelpiece. Your **local Decorator can supply** and fix the "HUE" Fire from **15/-** upwards.

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WINCARNIS

The Editor's Box

Garrick Theatre

Although *Where the Rainbow Ends* is drawing better than ever, the public having realised that it is a play to be seen by all "grown-ups," it must be withdrawn from the Garrick on Saturday, February 1, to make way for Mr. Arthur Bourchier's new play, *Trust the People*. Many notable people have seen the patriotic play within the last few days, including Mr. Lloyd George, who brought a large party, occupying two boxes the other Saturday night.

Royal Artillery Theatre, Woolwich

The Whip is the attraction here this week, and packed audiences are expected to welcome *The Merry Widow* on Monday next and the following days.

Haymarket Theatre

Ibsen's great historical drama, *The Pretenders*, will be produced for the first time in this country by Mr. Frederick Harrison at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday evening, February 13. Although *The Younger Generation* is at the height of its success, Mr. Harrison has concluded arrangements to transfer Stanley Houghton's brilliant three-act comedy to another theatre on Monday, February 10, rather than again defer his long-promised production of *The Pretenders*.

Broadway Theatre

The pantomime, *Aladdin*, here is still playing to record business. George Mozart and Esta Stella head the bill, while others who do admirable work are Marjorie Manners, Harry Claff, and Fred Rome.

"Who's Who," 1913

"Who's Who" for 1913 is larger than ever this year, and contains 25,000 biographies and 2,226 pages. As a book of reference the volume is, of course, indispensable, and absolutely reliable, every biography having been submitted for personal revision. The price is 15*s.* net cloth; 20*s.* net full limp leather. Once again, "Who's Who" is indispensable.

"Whitaker's Almanack," 1913

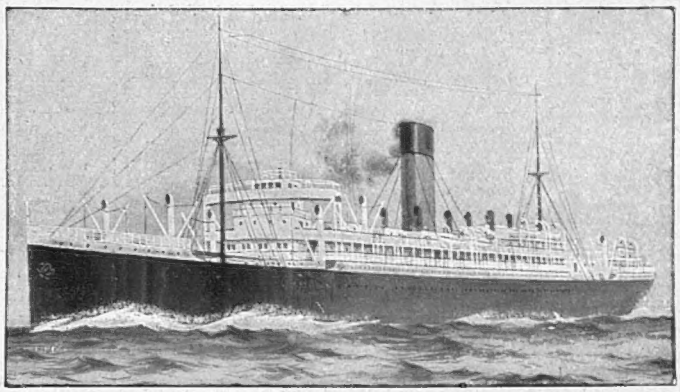
There are two editions of "Whitaker's Almanack," the paper edition (1*s.* net) containing 706 pages, and the half bound edition (2*s.* 6*d.* net) containing the whole of the paper edition and 346 additional pages—a total of 1,052 pages. No one should be without one of these really priceless books of reference.

"Seed-Pods of Success—Not Failures"

This is the title of the latest illustrated booklet issued by Dr. Barnardo's Homes. It shows how the Homes gather their children—"little lumps of plastic clay"—from the poorest districts all over the country. The Homes claim the sympathy of the public for the essential sanity and wisdom of their work. One thousand six hundred and thirty boys and girls were admitted to the permanent benefits of these Homes last year. The Homes have this year been passing through very deep waters, and the Council make an earnest appeal for help to assist them to keep the doors from closing on the tiniest child that knocks. Gifts of all kinds—money, clothing, blankets, toys, etc.—will be specially welcomed at this season by the Honorary Director, Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., at headquarters, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

Letts's Diaries

The popularity of Charles Letts's Diaries is evidenced by the fact that during the last ten years their circulation has increased from 468,734 to 1,005,951, in other words, more than doubled itself. £16,000 has been paid in claims in connection with Charles Letts's Insurance specialities, and the benefits are marvellously liberal.



New Australian Liner, "Nestor," of the Blue Funnel Line

There was recently launched from the North Yard of Messrs. Workman Clark and Co., Ltd., of Belfast, the twin-screw steamer *Nestor*, built to the order of Messrs. Alfred Holt and Company, Liverpool, for their Blue Funnel Line. The vessel is 580 ft. in length, with a gross tonnage of about 14,500, and complies with the Board of Trade requirements for a first-class passenger certificate. She is one of the largest vessels in the Australian trade, and the passenger accommodation is designed for 350 first-class passengers, one class only being carried

A Royal Appointment

Messrs. W and J. Burrow of The Springs, Malvern, have had the honour to receive a Royal Warrant of Appointment as purveyors of the "Alpha Brand" Malvern Water to His Majesty the King.

Roneo's New Premises

The progress of the Roneo enterprise in the world's capital is indicated by the opening of the Roneo Building at 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11, Holborn, E.C., which is probably the largest building in Europe devoted exclusively to the sale of office equipment. The frontage contains four magnificent show windows, one of them being 27ft. long. It is intended to demonstrate individually at different times the Roneophone, the Roneo Duplicator, the Roneo Copier, the Numeralpha Filing System, the Roneotype, and Roneoplane, there being ample scope, and, of course, plenty of room. The building is modern in every respect, containing six storeys, and everything in office equipment is displayed in spacious showrooms.

Gas Heating

The educative campaign which has been undertaken recently by the gas industry with a view to removing out-of-date prejudices in regard to gas fires, and of informing the public as to the real meaning of modern developments in gas heating, has been attended by such extraordinary success that great difficulty is being experienced in meeting the demands for gas heating appliances all over the country. This popularity is deserved, for there have been many improvements made of late, particularly in regard to the artistic merit now obtaining in stoves. Also, the gas fire is the nearest approach to Nature's method of warming us, namely, by rays of heat, which warm the object with which they come in contact, instead of by heating the air, which results in that unpleasant, stuffy feeling caused by hot-water pipes.

C. B. Fry on Keeping "Fit"

The ordinary man who does not need to "train" for special athletic events will find much valuable information on maintaining good general health in Mr. Fry's handbook, "Diet and Exercise for Training." In this small handbook the famous Oxford Blue sums up the results of his years of experience of training. As might be expected, he deprecates extremes in any direction, and what he says is as valuable to the ordinary man as to the would-be champion. The close relation between "training" and general good condition is clearly shown, and Mr. Fry's hints on keeping "fit" show how easily any ordinary person can maintain himself in perfect health. C. B. Fry's book, "Diet and Exercise for Training," will be sent post free on receipt of threepence in stamps by Fry's Book Dept., The Bystander, Tallis Street, E.C.

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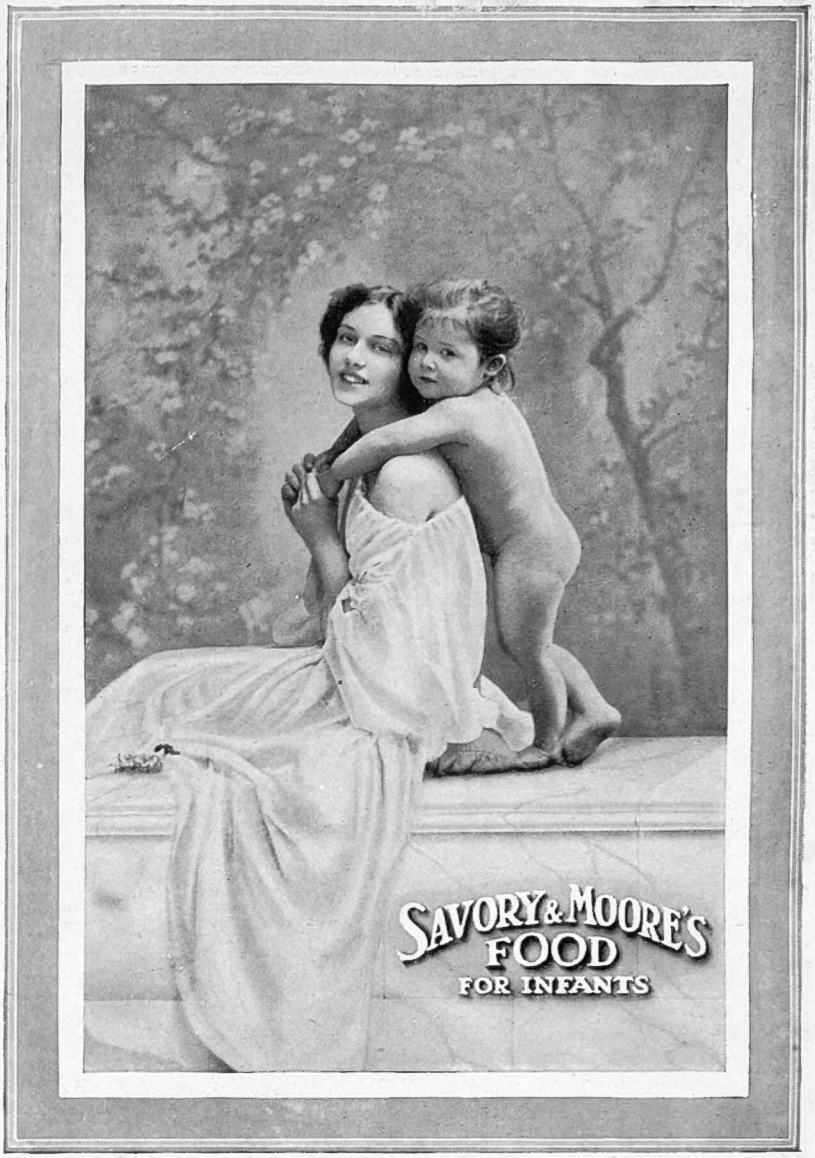

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